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Without Concealment----Without Compromise.

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Selections.

THE SPIRIT OF THE NEW-YORK PRESS.

We give below a number of articles from various city papers, commenting on the late meetings of the American Society. They are good indices to the state of public opinion. It should be remembered that there was no shrinking from our boldest positions in the speeches which are here commented upon. Several of these articles would properly come under our pro-slavery head, but we prefer to give them all together. We have struck out from some of them passages which related merely to the business of the meeting, or brief reports of the remarks of the speakers.

The Tribune said of the speakers:

Wendell Phillips, Esq., of Boston, was the first speaker. He offered a resolution embodying the most unpalatable of all the Society's doctrines—that of a dissolution of the Union—which he supported with an earnest and graceful eloquence rarely surpassed by any speaker in any cause, however popular.

Mr. Douglass, on coming forward, was greeted with earniest and prolonged applause. He was at first somewhat embarrassed, but soon recovered his self-possession, and made a speech which held the audience in breathless attention to the close, save only when he was interrupted by vociferous cheering.

The Express gave a garbled report, which is not worth the room it would take.

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From the Courier and Enquirer.

THE ANNIVERSARIES.

The American Anti-Slavery Society held its anniversary at the Tabernacle, yesterday morning. The report stated the receipts of the year to be $8,797, the expenditures at $8,590. Mr. Wendell Phillips spoke for some time, denouncing the Evangelical Alliance, assailing Gen. Taylor, and branding attachment to the Union as absurd and wicked. W. L. Garrison followed with a similar tirade, of which, much to their credit, the audience soon became tired, when he was succeeded by *F. Douglass*, the negro whose visit to England recently excited some comment. He repudiated the idea that he felt any attachment to this country, and attempted to vindicate himself for seeking aid in England to break up the Union of the American States. He abused nearly everybody, and on concluding his harangue, the meeting adjourned.

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From the True Sun.

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The thirteenth anniversary meeting of the Old Organization or Garrison party, which seeks the destruction of the Constitution and the Union, was held at the Tabernacle yesterday morning. The meeting was called to order and presided over by Wm. Lloyd Garrison, the President. He remarked that they had assembled to promote measures favourable to Christianity and to humanity, and those who were opposed to them might use argument, but not resort to riot. From the Treasurer's report it appears the receipts were about $8,000, and the expenditures the same. Wendell Phillips offered a resolution, in support of which he attacked the Evangelical Alliance with much severity, accusing them and other religious associations, with insincerity in their action on the question of Slavery—that they could not receive favour abroad without a compromise on the question of Slavery, and yet they retained slaveholders in membership to secure the favour of the South. The Union he contended was not favourable to liberty. He denounced the Mexican war, and anathematized General Taylor. Mr. Garrison then introduced Frederick Douglass, whom he said had been offered house and land in England, and the transfer of his wife and family to him, and yet he refused to remain. This Mr. Garrison thought was noble patriotism." It was mentioned that Capt. Judkins, of the Cambria, gave Douglass his own state-room, which had never before been given up except to the Lord Lieutenant of Canada.

Frederick Douglass then came forward, and was received with repeated rounds of applause.

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He said that in England he was recognized as a man—even the dogs seemed to know that he was a man. He contradicted Mr. Garrison, and said he had no patriotism—that he could not love his country when her laws recognized him only as a chattel and a slave. His tie to this country was that his wife and children were here. He wished the Constitution shivered into a thousand pieces rather than that Slavery should continue. He hailed the help of England, and welcomed her aid. He dwelt at much length on his difficulties with Dr. Cox, in England, and was particularly severe on him and Mr. Marsh, of the Temperance Union. He denied that he had attempted to stir up war feelings against America, as charged by Dr. Cox. He concluded amid much applause, and the meeting adjourned.

In the afternoon the society held a business meeting for the appointment of officers, committees, &c. Mr. Garrison recommended a private meeting to talk over their condition and position.

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From the New-York Sun.

ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The crowded state of our columns will never allow us to go into detail of all the proceedings of anniversary meetings which usually fall at this season of the year. We can only give to each a passing notice, and refer to the proceedings of the Anti-Slavery Society, with a view of protesting against the unmitigated abuse heaped upon our country, by the coloured man Douglass, who has been so warmly patronized by the English people. Freedom of speech should receive, in this country, the greatest latitude; if men do not speak freely of our institutions how are we to discover their errors, or reform their abuses, should any exist? There is, however, a limit to this very freedom. We cannot be permitted to go into a gentleman's house, accept his hospitality, yet abuse his fare, and we have no right to abuse a country under whose Government we are safely residing and securely protected. The history of Frederick Douglass is well known, he is a runaway slave, and went to England where he was received with open arms, cherished and patronized, lived with white people, and carried out in extenso the doctrine of amalgamation. The English people, however, recognized the rights of master and slave by giving Douglass the means to purchase his freedom. He is an intelligent man, quick and clever, and far above the usual intellect of coloured men, who, taken as a class, are, however, not deficient in talent. Douglass soon ascertained that the road to preferment and protection in England was in the abuse of this country, and by depicting the institutions of the South in a manner as shocking to humanity as they were destitute of truth. Among other things which he said of us, and which made a deep impression at the time was, that during his long residence at the South as a slave, he never heard among them the "Song of Joy." Those who have travelled in the South know full well that singing is the very life of the negro, those who unload vessels never cease to sing in the hours of labour, and at the corn-chucks hundreds assemble to hear the local songs, and witness the joyous dancing of the blacks. At church and at home, in the field or the barn, singing is their delight, and no one knows this better than Douglass himself. At the meeting on Tuesday last, Douglass said, among other things, that he left this country to "get rid of democratic slavery," and that "he would defend the right of invoking England for the overthrow of Slavery in the United States," said he had "no love for America," and knew "nothing of patriotism," he desired "to see the Constitution shivered in pieces." He said that the progress of a pure, unadulterated republicanism was on the increase, but not "*the bastard republicanism of the United States.*" That a society composed of white men, citizens of our country, residents of our city, should encourage this black, evidently supported by a foreign Government, to insult in this outrageous manner, the Constitution and laws, the character and morals, the justice and integrity of the United States, moves our special wonder. The negro, himself, is not to blame when thus encouraged by white men to commit such outrages. We were surprised that the coloured persons who heard him, and who were not devoid of patriotism, could have calmly listened to his shameful calumnies on our country. Certain it is, that no white man could have been permitted, if so disposed, to stigmatize us in this ruffian style.—Douglass himself, however, is not worth noticing—it is his aiders and abettors who are to blame in the matter. We, in common with others, consider Slavery as an evil. Many in the South so consider it and would be glad if occasion presented to abate it; but can it be believed that Slavery can ever be abolished at the South by such abusive appeals from a runaway slave, such false statements as he has shadowed forth? It is time to put down a growing spirit of fanaticism on this subject extensively prevailing throughout the country. A fictitious sympathy and false issue, or in time our Union may be shaken to its centre by intestine commotions.

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From the New-York Observer.

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The anniversary was held in the Tabernacle, Tuesday, May 11, at 10 A. M. Few persons were on the platform, and the house was about half filled with people. The meeting was opened with reading the Scriptures and prayer. * * *

WENDELL PHILIPS addressed the meeting in a speech of some length, but with far less of his usual brilliancy and force. When we entered, he was boasting of the opposition which the Abolitionists are now waging against the Government of their country.

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Mr. Phillips was listened to with great attention, as he always is, for there are few speakers with greater power so make the worse appear the better reason, to cover sophistry with the garb of truth, and charm the ear with well turned and poisoned periods.

Mr. GARRISON then rose and said of all the pleasant sights on earth, he knew of none more pleasant than that [pointing to Frederick Douglass] of a chattel turned into a man. He then spoke of the recent tour of Douglass in England, and said no man of any country or age had ever travelled through Great Britain and had been treated with more respect and attention, by all ranks, by station, beauty and fashion, [illegible] tionism of England, while he was ashamed of his own country. Mr. G. then read a very long account of a farewell *soiree* given to Douglass at the London Tavern, and followed with a more tedious editorial from the London Times denouncing the *Americans* because the *British* officers of the steamer Cambria refused Douglass a cabin passage on his return.

The reading of these long papers and the dull comments of Mr. Garrison, were too much for the audience who were impatient for the exhibition of Frederick Douglass, and they called out "Douglass, Douglas," from all parts of the house. "You *shall* hear," said Mr. Garrison, while the cries for Douglass became louder, and he was forced to bring him out.

Frederick Douglass was received with loud applause; he stepped to the front of the platform, smiling to his friends, and said, "I am glad to be here," and the people cheered him in return.

His speech was of himself—he had been clear to England: had crossed the great ocean and had come back. He had not come here to make an eloquent speech. O, no; he was a simple man, and no doubt many would be disappointed with his manner and his matter. But he felt for his brethren in bonds, and wanted to do something to relieve them.

He went largely into accounts of what *he* did abroad and positions that *he* took, and collisions between him and Dr. Cox, and Dr. Smythe, and Mr. Marsh, on the heels of which last gentleman, he expressed himself delighted to have had the privilege of treading.

He characterized the sixty American clergymen who attended the World's Convention in London as men who however much truth they told in regard to the other world pay little attention to it in matters relating to this. He however did not wish to be understood as saying that these gentlemen *meant* to lie, he only wished to say that they *did lie.*—Douglass was nice in his distinctions of this kind. He said he did not wish to irritate the American people for the sake of irritation, but to arouse them by irritation and counter irritation. He wanted to blister them all over. He lauded England as the land of freedom, and declared himself anxious for the overthrow of our Government and the shivering of our Constitution.

He took occasion to deny an aspersion cast on his character by Mr. Garrison who had spoken of him as loving his native land. He denied it entirely.—He had no such feeling whatever. He then entered into a protracted defence of his course in the World's Convention, to which he said he was not a delegate, and continued until the retiring audience intimated the necessity of his following the example, which he did.

The Society adjourned.

The spirit of the meeting was altogether more subdued than we have seen it at any former anniversary. There was no enthusiasm, but more hatred of Americans, more eulogy of the British, and less said about Slavery and the slave than at any previous meeting.

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From the New-York Evangelist.

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The annual display of the small and curious clique of Boston abstractionists, who rally under the banner of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, took place at the Tabernacle on Tuesday morning. There was as usual, a large audience gathered together, some imported from the East with the Society, some out of sympathy with it, but more from curiosity to witness the spectacle of phylanthropy run mad. The proceedings had rather more than the usual share of extravagance, bitterness, and self-conceit, which have become characteristic of the Society. Mr. Garrison himself presided, and the first speech was made of course, by their veteran orator, Wendell Philips, who seems to be the only one of the clique whose enthusiasm holds out strong enough for the trouble of a visit and a speech. Mr. Phillips is an engaging speaker, with all his peculiarities, possessing some of the finest qualities of the orator, united with the strangest inconsistencies; plausible yet severe, candid yet violent and unfair, eloquent and truthful at times, and at others unreasonable in his views, sweeping and unjust in his censures. His fine and tasteful rhetoric, his frequent and often thrilling allusions to the heroic periods and characters of our national annals, his familiarity with the constitutional and legal history of the country, and his honest enthusiasm and manly principle, for which he has endured and is willing to endure everything, never fail to work their effect upon an audience, and would be all-powerful were they not neutralized by his flagrant solecisms against common sense and first principles. The burden of the speech was as usual, the inherent rottenness of the Constitution, the utter depravation of the church and ministry.—Perhaps unity and originality are hardly to be expected of a man of one idea; but the constant ringing of changes upon a single note becomes tedious, however excellent at first.

Mr. Garrison, in introducing Frederick Douglas, understood to be the lion of the occasion, went into an extended account of his reception in England, which was highly flattering and just to Mr. D. and honourable to the British people.

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Mr. Garrison's eulogies of Mr. Douglass had so much fulsomeness, and gross and unscrupulous "soft solder," as to excite disgust, and almost deprive its object of the power of speech. He evidently felt ashamed, as every one did for him, of the flatteries it pleased Mr. Garrison's taste and malice to inflict upon him. When fairly under way, however, Mr. Douglass gave the audience to understand the reasons of his popularity in England as an orator. His speech elicited frequent expressions of applause, and contained many very happy hits. It would have been creditable from any one; and from one who was but a few years since a slave, was truly extraordinary. He consented towards the close to make a descent into personalities and abuse, which is, perhaps, more to be charged to the breeding of his advisers than to his own feelings, but which was exceedingly out of taste, as well as unfair. But the audience were willing to overlook it, for the sympathy which an abused and oppressed man like him unavoidably excited; and the long speech was listened to throughout with respect and attention. It is a pity that Mr. Douglass' fine powers could not be devoted to pleading the cause of the slave, without being distracted for the private ends and selfish purposes of a few men who have influence over him.

The Evangelist said of the anniversary of the American and Foreign Society:

The proceedings of this Anniversary possessed unusual interest. Much interest was added to the occasion by the fine singing of amateurs, who executed several appropriate odes with great taste and feeling.

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From the Journal of Commerce.

The American Anti-Slavery Society held its annual meeting yesterday morning. The Annual Report stated the expenses at $8,590; receipts, $8,797. From the Report we learn that our old friend Parker Pillsbury, is lecturing in Ohio, with Mr. Abby K. Foster and wife. It is their confident expectation to overturn the politics of that State. Mr. Garrison expects to join them in this crusade during the summer.

After the Report, which was both lengthy and fiery, Wendell Phillips took the stand to advocate a resolution declaring it the duty of every American to aid and sympathize in the Anti-Slavery work, and to seek the destruction of that Union and Constitution which has already shipwrecked the experiment of liberty, and bids fair to swallow up the hopes of every man in a military despotism; assured that such a dissolution of the Union would issue in a pure republic, &c. &c. This he supported in an *argument*, which was elaborately lengthy, and spiced in the approved fashion of his *compatriots*.

After denouncing for a season, the "two great bulwarks of Slavery, the American Church and the American Constitution," he concluded.

We have not virtue enough left to save the country, under its present organization. We tried it when Hopkins and Edwards filled the pulpits, now empty, for we cannot see their successors, and when Wythe and Pinckney were south of Mason & Dixon's line. The country was launched on a wrong principle. We must take new bearings and observation. [illegible] Douglass' travels and reception in Great Britain. No traveller had enjoyed so much attention or been more admired and honoured through the whole kingdom. At his farewell soiree, 400 of the nobility were present, and when it was known that the proprietors of the Cunard line refused him a cabin passage, the indignation aroused was so great that Mr. Cunard had to apologize through the press.

Mr. G. was proceeding to read a number of extracts on this subject from the London papers, when the audience, who had evidently come to hear Douglass, would wait no longer, and he yielded to the overwhelming cry of Douglass! Douglass!

Douglass began in a low tone; he was glad to mingle his voice with the friends of the slave once more. He did not acknowledge that he loved this land, as Mr. G. had said of him. I have no country, said he; what patriotism can I have? The institutions, civil and religious, here, know me only as a thing. I have no ties but my wife, my children, and 3,000,000 brethren, whose bodies scarred with stripes identify them with me. How can I love a country that dooms these my brothers and sisters to clank the chain, and where their warm blood is soaking the soil? I have no love for it! I desire to see it overthrown, and its Constitution shivered to a thousand fragments, that the slave may be made free!!

He then proceeded to give some reasons for invoking the aid of English public sentiment, speaking in a very forcible manner, and in style not inferior certainly to that of the other speakers. His remarks were accompanied with hisses and applause.

The closing address was delivered by the Rev. J. W. Walker, of Ohio.

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From the Inquirer.

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The call of this body filled the Tabernacle to overflowing. A sea of heads waved beneath the eye of those who were fortunate enough to obtain a seat in the gallery near the stage. And the elements of the meeting were truly of the "popular" cast—the bone and sinew, rather than the ornamental portion of society. We were not present at the opening of the meeting; but found Mr. Garrison exerting himself in setting forth various abuses, until his face and head were varnished and shining in the light. On the seats behind him were his fellow officials of the Society, among whom we noticed Mr. Phillips, Isaac T. Hopper, and the Rev. Mr. Pierpont.

The prominent subject of Mr. Garrison's remarks as we entered, was Frederick Douglass, the fugitive and since ransomed slave, become so celebrated through his presence at the World's Temperance Convention, and the attack made upon him on that occasion by the Rev. Dr. Cox—an attack which has cost the Doctor a good deal. Mr. Garrison recited the facts relative to Mr. Douglass' engagement and purchase of a berth on board the Cambria for his return to America, and the subsequent refusal of the agents of the Cunard line of steamers to allow him to occupy the accommodations he had paid for. This result of prejudice was agreeably contrasted by the gentlemanly and humane conduct of Captain Judkins, of the Cambria, who, though obliged to yield to the orders of his employer so far as to exclude Mr. Douglass from the saloon, yet relinquished to him his own private state-room—an attention never before offered to any individual but the Governor-General of the Canadas—thus recognizing Mr. Douglass at once as a gentleman and as an injured red man.

Mr. Garrison then read an extract from the London Times, reprobating in the most severe terms the conduct of the Company—a sentiment which was re-echoed by the entire press of England, on the ground that the English origin and encouragement of that line of steamers should have forbid such truckling to the prejudices of transatlantic employers.

Some of the sentiments or expressions in the extract read by Mr. G. called forth expressions of disapproval from certain portions of the audience, and cries of "Douglass! Douglass!" "We don't want to hear you talk"—embarrassed Mr. Garrison so much that he was compelled to refrain from reading some papers which he seemed to have prepared for the purpose, and to bring his remarks abruptly to a close, amid some noise and confusion, by introducing Frederick Douglass to the audience.

Mr. Douglass was for some little time unable to proceed, so loud and prolonged were the cheers with which he was received. He began in a low tone, and with some appearance of hesitation; but, soon warming with his subject, he went on in an impassioned strain, carrying the immense audience with him completely, and eliciting frequent expressions of sympathy. For a proper account of his speech, though able, was desultory and irregular in form, we must refer our readers to the daily papers, whose reporters were in phalanx directly in front of us, busily employed in giving the whole address in full.

As a speaker, Mr. Douglass is chiefly remarkable for the purity of his manner and the elegance of his pronunciation, which last, probably by means of a considerable sojourn in England, where he associated with refined people, is nearly faultless. We question whether Mr. Macready himself, that martinet in the matter of English, could find fault with half a dozen words used by this escaped slave, who, as we suppose, never went to school a day in his life, has made himself what he is by native talent and industry. Besides the qualities we have mentioned, the speech was enlivened by no small measure of wit and humor—those invaluable auxiliaries to a popular speaker; and if the sarcasms were always free from a dash of bitterness, no one who knows the story of the speaker's wrongs would be apt to judge him severely.

As a specimen of Mr. Douglass, we must perhaps look for its source to the cause in which he speaks. While it requires the greatest ingenuity to plead a case in behalf of the "peculiar institution" who denounces it has his materials ready at hand, a sure hold on the sympathy and sense of justice of every one of his hearers, let angry prejudice interrupt what retort it may. The ability of a man who addresses an American audience in favour of liberty, is a secondary matter. As a minister, speaking from his own pulpit, may spare himself the trouble of going over the old grounds of faith, so a man among us who shows forth the odious character of oppression in any of its forms, speaks to a packed jury, and is sure beforehand of his verdict. Douglass, with this advantage, is certainly a powerful speaker. Whether he would produce as strong an impression on any other theme, it is not necessary to inquire. He made his peroration with great effect, finishing with a couple of spirited stanzas very well suited to the occasion; upon which the audience at once adjourned, without ceremony.

A meeting of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society was less fully attended than the most session of the original society.

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In tone of this meeting was more moderate than that of the parent association; and both in a good degree free from the fanaticism which has sometimes been urged as a reproach upon these earnest but not invariably wise reformers. It is easier to criticize their doings and sayings, than to imitate their persevering and self sacrificing efforts in behalf of a much-injured class of our fellow-creatures.

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From the Tribune.

RECEPTION OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS BY THE COLOURED PEOPLE.

A very numerous meeting of the coloured people assembled on Wednesday at Zion's church, Leonard street, to extend a welcome to Frederick Douglass on his return from his late tour in Great Britain. Rev. S. R. Ward was called to the chair, and Rev. Messrs. Dutton and Beman, Joseph C. Hathaway, Robert Purvis, and others, were appointed Vice Presidents of the meeting.

Mr. Douglass was introduced by the Chairman in a pertinent speech, and in giving him the right hand of welcome, he was received with the greatest demonstrations of applause. The meeting continued until midnight, and notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, the audience manifested no wish to retire, such was the absorbing interest taken in the subject. his address, and the power of manly eloquence he evinced. He gave a narrative of the incidents occurring on the passage out, his conduct in Liverpool, Dublin, and in the numerous places he visited throughout England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, not omitting his invitation to dine with the Lord Mayor of Dublin, and a large number of the nobility; the Free Church, and the controversy arising out of it, it having solicited and received the donations of slaveholders to aid in the erection of their churches; the World's Temperance Convention; the Evangelical Alliance; the formation of the Anti-Slavery League, its great public meeting in Exeter Hall; and the consequent verdict of the English people against the Alliance for its action on Slavery; Rev. Dr. Smythe, and his public recantation of reports unfavourable to himself, and closing with an uplifting account of his visit, in company with Wm. Lloyd Garrison and George Thompson, to the venerable Clarkson, only three weeks previous to his death; on which occasion the patriarch of Freedom gave to Mr. Garrison his last words against Slavery.

In the midst of Mr. Douglass' speech, Mr. Garrison entered the house, and was greeted by the crowded assembly by vehement and protracted applause. When it had subsided, Mr. Garrison addressed them in few words, expressing the gratification such a reception by such an assembly afforded him, and saying that had he been conscious of having betrayed, on any occasion, the interests, or compromised the rights of the coloured man, he should not have appeared before them on this occasion. After the conclusion of Mr. Douglass' speech, and the passing of a series of resolutions, the meeting dispersed.

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The following excellent letter from Hon. S. C. Phillips to the commander of the Macedonian, is published in the papers:

SALEM, 13th March, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR—Were I a sailor, and could I leave home, should be proud to place myself under your command in the novel and noble enterprise upon which you are about to embark. I can only aspire to the privilege of sending a substitute; and I have therefore requested Mr. Bowditch to pay to you for my account, the amount of wages that may become due to able seaman for the whole voyage.

I beg you to accept my best wishes for your safety and success. The blessing of Heaven must go with you; and gratitude, as warm as ever flowed from human breasts, will be your recompense. Your name will be associated with an incident that must make part of the romance of history, and that cannot be forgotten, until philanthropy is extinct on both sides of the Atlantic. It will be your enviable distinction to cross the ocean in command of an armed national vessel (with the certainty of affecting a triumph.)

I trust, my dear Sir, that, with your habitual promptness, you illustrate the highest traits in the character of the New England merchant and shipmaster. And while the Secretary of the Navy, authorized to despatch the public ships designated for this service at the public expense, has seen fit to decide that "*the means necessary for such an object are peculiarly required for naval operations against the public enemy,*"—so that of the *many millions of dollars* placed at his disposal, *every cent* must be used for the purpose of *destroying rather than of preserving human life, of producing rather than of relieving distress, to augment the evils of a disgraceful war, rather than to meet the demands of a state of honorable peace,* I rejoice that private citizens are able, and have been found ready, to take the above into their own hands; and I entertain no doubt that, under your direction, with such means as Boston and Massachusetts will supply, it will be conducted—*unlike the Mexican war, with the application of all the resources of the Government*—to a speedy and honourable conclusion."

Yours, very truly,
S. C. PHILLIPS.

RB. FORBES, Esq.

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From the New-York Tribune.

FROM HAYTI.

By the brig Mary Perkins, the *Courrier des Etats Unis* has advices from Port au Prince up to April 18. We translate as follows:

The influence of the generous ideas of President Rice continued to be felt in the acts of Government and in the progress of affairs. However, the Ministry had suffered a modification which was an occasion of regret to many persons. M. Detre has retired, and in consequence, Gen. Dupuy has taken the portfolio of Finance, leaving that of War and the Presidency of the Council to Gen. J. Paul, former Secretary of State under Presidents Guerrier and Pierrot. M. Detre is a loss for liberal ideas, and if, as a temporary rumour has affirmed, his retirement was not altogether voluntary, it will cast a cloud upon the clear horizon of the Haytien Republic.

But for our part we are disposed to regard this rumour as groundless, and the line of conduct thus far followed by the new President makes us believe that M. Faustin Soulouque will not carry the nation back upon the course where his predecessor began to do it injury. We find a double indication of this tendency; first, in the friendly relations which he appears to wish to establish with France; and second, in the presentation to the Senate of a project for a law to permit marriages between Haytiens and foreigners. Unfortunately the Senate does not seem disposed to second the intention of the Government. In the session of March 30, it was decided to reject the project we just spoke of, "as dangerous and likely to introduce confusion in inheritances without the possibility of enabling foreigners to enjoy the right of property." It is true that the report adds: "To find an issue from this state of things it would be necessary to revise the 7th article of the Constitution and to accord the needful civil rights to foreigners." But we fear that this is much less the expression of a desire or a wish than a means of delay and of putting the reform to rest under the pretext that it is not sufficiently complete. After this first check the project received a second in the public session of April 7, by having its discussion adjourned.

Whatever may be the issue of this attempt the merit does not the less belong to M. Soulouque. It can only be regretted that the President had not by a simple decree authorized the marriage of Haytiens and whites without waiting for the opposition of the Senate, which is almost entirely composed of blacks, who are hostile to it for the reason that the number of malattoes would be increased thereby. It had recently been authorized by a degree of the provisional Government; the authorization was afterward withdrawn by a decree of Pierrot and might have been re-established in the same way by M. Soulouque. This would have been the shorter and surer course.

Communications.

Letter from Rev. Mr. Page.

To the Editor of the National A. S. Standard:

DEAR SIR:—I have been out of town for a few days past, or I would have sent you this earlier. You say, in your article of this week, had Mr. Page "assumed the position he now chooses to occupy, we should most heartily rejoice, had we any faith that he would maintain it, or that he took it for any other reason than because he found himself in a tight place, out of which he saw no other method of escape." But you doubt my sincerity, and have no confidence in my truthfulness. In short language, I am, in your estimation, both a liar and a hypocrite; in addition to the impiousness, and blasphemy, and pro-slaveryism with which you have charged me, in your previous communication. Rail on, Sir, if you will; I will not rail back again in return. You may have all the luxury of such ventillations to yourself.

My answer, then, is sufficient, if true. According to your own admission, I have been grossly misaright. But this you do not believe. After all, Sir, I will affirm again, that I am perfectly honest and sincere, and altogether truthful in my explanations. And I promise, moreover, in the ear of all men, to "maintain" the position I have taken on this subject, both at the North and the South, when Providence requires it, until my present convictions of right, and wrong, and duty, are changed. Your unbelief cannot make me a liar, or a recreant from the principles which my intimate friends know I have advocated for years, both in the pulpit and in the private walks of life. I have proof on this subject, of which you, Sir, know nothing. My sermons now, on hand, preached before I ever heard of you, bear testimony in my behalf. I design, when I can reach them, to send you some extracts, which I trust will be convincing.

You say, "That the coloured people of the Spring-street church chose the pews which they now occupy, we do not believe." I had the fact, Sir, from their own mouths, and living witnesses enough of the truth walk the streets of New-York every day. It is very easy for some men to disbelieve the truths which condemn them. Infidelity is the common growth of earth. I have seen coloured people *choosing* to sit apart by themselves, even in ultra abolition churches. It is a common sight.

You speak of my "officiousness" in meddling with this affair at all. I well remember you say, "that my first communication to the Standard was entirely voluntary." "No attack upon him had ever been made in the columns of this paper. He, of his own accord came forward." All this you have intimated before, I know not how many times; wishing, I presume, to produce the impression that I was officious, and that what I said was entirely uncalled for.

That I was "*voluntary*" in what I said, is not denied. But that I was, or am *officious* in my communications on this subject, your readers can better determine after looking through the light of the following facts:

1. My name was coupled with [illegible] article.

2. That article, as I believed, and can now prove, contained some very injurious misrepresentations of him.

3. It was headed "Facts for the World's Convention," and was used in London and elsewhere, as we all supposed it would be, by Wright, Thompson, and others, to injure the influence of Dr. Patton in England.

4. I regarded it as an effort made in harmony with the sentiment I heard you, with others, applaud, about those times, at one of your abolition meetings, held in the King-street church, viz: that "the exodus of the slave is through the ruins of the Church."

5. Your article was written *after* Dr. Patton left for Europe, and it misrepresented facts, of which he had no information, and for which he would not know how to account.

6. I then occupied his pulpit, and after consultation with his friends, I thought it my duty, in a very brief way, to correct what we all knew were downright untruths, told perhaps through misconceptions.

7. I, therefore, sent you the short article, whose meaning has been so cruelly and widely perverted.

8. You then published a *long* article, in which you acknowledged, in part, your previous misrepresentations, but called them "small matters," and then went on to charge me with untruth—to continue your assault upon Dr. Patton—to misrepresent the meaning of even what little I had said—to justify, in the main, all you had written, and to publish me as an impious, trifling, reverend blasphemer, almost. To that article I made no reply, thinking it best to let you rail on as you chose. So I continued in silence, through all the misrepresentations and mockeries of your associated defamers across the ocean, until the other day I found a number of your paper on my table, fresh from your office, in which I was again called to severe account. And then came your associate in your office, and handed me in person, another attack upon me in another paper published in Philadelphia, and written, perhaps, by yourself. Thus, Sir, have I been published and pursued ever since last July; and yet, you would have your readers suppose that you have hardly noticed me at all, and that I am officious altogether in my communications. If what I have said, under these circumstances, has been indeed uncalled for, it consists in the fact, that such a paper as yours is unworthy of notice, insomuch that many of our best men scorn to give you any attention whatever, no matter how false or libellous are the articles you publish to their discredit.

Perhaps, however, I am "getting entirely off the track" again. But you must allow me, Sir, to go on the scent you give. We both have game, in various directions. I never promised to *confine* myself to the subject of the Jim-Crow Pew. I told you in the outset, that there were other subjects of disagreement between us, about which I must be heard in full, if I was heard at all. Like General Taylor, I would take my own positions, and I would take only such ones as I could maintain, insomuch, that like him, I would never surrender, especially to the Mexicans. But go wherever they will, I shall follow as I please, while the war lasts, bringing it as soon as I can to an honourable close.

But you think I am insincere and dishonest, in the otherwise very satisfactory answers I have made to your questions; *because*, as you affirm, "I had used language of the *coarsest ribaldry*, in relation to the coloured people, in my first letter." That charge, like all the rest, I utterly deny. It is false in toto. I used an argumentum ad hominem in that letter for yourself, in which, perhaps, I applied your own phrase of "Jim Crow," &c. to the coloured people, somewhat unsparingly. But I meant no contempt for *them*. I only intended to let you hear the music of your own voice, in these directions; and then, fearing that I might be misunderstood, and misrepresented, I erased the whole. But the argumentum ad hominem thus erased, you may have still, with all the advantages it affords. It will bear examination, I think; but woe to him that comes within the reach of its scorpion sting.

I will take your own premises, then; allow them to be right, and push them on to their legitimate issues, leaving you, Sir, in the midst of all the consolations and calamities too. Our "*track*" all along shall be in the direction of the Jim-Crow Pew.

You find separate seats in the Spring-street church for the coloured people. I have said, in answer to your original charges about their obscurity and contemptibility, that they were good and commodious ones; not in the distance, but near the pulpit; not obscure, but on high; not set apart by others for them, but chosen by themselves, as they often choose their places in the most ultra of our abolition churches, and chosen too before Dr. Patton became connected with that congregation, even when it was enjoying the labours of almost devoted, humane, and conspicuous Anti-Slavery Pastor. You, however, have published them, as things of "obloquy and contempt, in which a portion of God,s people are *set* apart by themselves, as a marked and hated race."

Now, if I understood you aright, it is your sentiment, that all such separations, arising from differences of colour, are exceedingly sinful, contributing largely to the cause of human oppression. You think we ought loudly to condemn them. It is our imperative *duty*, you believe, to put away the whole, and to introduce a system of perfect amalgamation into the house of God, in which the various colours and races shall mingle freely together. Both the Gospel of Christ and the cause of human freedom demand it. Such, if I understand you aright, are the very foundation stones of that tower of attack, from which you have assailed us so vehemently.

Now, Sir, whatever may be our own actual sentiments, on this subject we will admit, for the sake of our present argument, that these fundamental principles of yours are all true; and then we will ask, where do they take you? Where will your church amalgamation lead? How far, in other directions must they inevitably extend? Some of our wisest Southern Statesmen have said, that there can be no such thing as perfect equality between the races, but in perfect amalgamation, universally extended; and they have spurned all our plans and efforts which contemplate this equality *without* these admixtures. Now, wherein do these gentlemen err. Sure am I, that no such equality can be found on earth, where this amalgamation is wanting. Go to Africa, Mexico, the West Indies, anywhere, and you will find perfect equality only where amalgamation prevails.

If, then, these disdainful separations in our houses of worship, arising from difference of [illegible] of Christ, and if it be our duty so important to amalgamate in *the house of God*, then must we not also amalgamate *in our own habitations*, which are so much nearer the fountain-heads of this gigantic evil? If the Spring-street people must put away the separate pews provided for the coloured members of their congregation, must not the editor of the Standard expel all similar provisions from his private abode? If you will amalgamate from principle *in the one* place, must you not in the *other*? If you would annihilate these streams of wo, should you not begin at their fountains? And if you refuse, or *neglect* to put away the enormity from your homes, may we not proclaim you, if we please, at the World's *Temperance* Convention, as having "Jim-Crow" provisions all through your domestic sanctuary?—provisions, too, "of obloquy and contempt, in which a portion of God's people are set apart as a marked and hated race?"

What, Sir Editor, if I find these disdainful separations, usages, provisions, and settings apart, arising from difference of colour, in your dwelling-places *all over the land*, among ALL your abolition associates—your Garrisons and Greens, your Birneys and Wrights, and Tappans, insomuch that in no single instance can any case of perfect amalgamation between the races be found among them, such as is contended for in the house of God. What, now, shall we say about you on your own chosen ground of the World's Convention?—What, but that even you, the Simon Pures of all humanity, have certain prejudices against colour, like other men of whom you complain so bitterly, which contribute to the cause of man's oppression, and of which such phy-

sicians as ye should be thoroughly cured before you come with your blisters and lancets to operate on our defects. Do *you* not treat "a portion of God's people with obloquy and contempt," in the separation between them and yourselves, so abundant among your domestic arrangements?

But you say, perhaps, you have a right to consult your own tastes, in the selection of your bosom companions. So, too, you have a right to consult your own tastes in the selection of your church, and pew, and less intimate associates. But have you a right to suit your *distastes* also, in these matters? What if, in every instance, you have not only a *taste* for a white skin, but also a *distaste* towards a coloured one; so that in no case are you willing to take into your arms the dark complexion, but uniformly turn away from it, when it comes thus near; no matter with how much intellectual and moral worth it may be attended? How, now, does this *dis*-taste differ from prejudice? What is such distaste but aversion, pre-ju-dice? and who will deny that it exists within him, when his practice gives the lie to his denials?

Now, if this distaste or prejudice towards a coloured skin, which prevails so extensively among even our warmest abolition brethren, as their conduct demonstrates, if such a prejudice be wrong, wrong in the nature of things—*a malum in se*—or, if it is so hostile to liberty and the Gospel, why is it not wrong *everywhere?* If it must be driven in scorn, from our places of worship, as a "Jim-Crow" affair, or as a very demon in the mind of him whom it possesses, may the hateful thing thus expelled from your place of public devotions, enter the Holy of Holies, in your heart, and nestle there *caressed* between the wings of the Cherubim, through your hours of midnight in all its infernalism? Avaunt, we say, on such inconsistencies. Be ashamed of your doctrine in the light of your example, or blush at your example, in the light of your precepts. The missionary, Davis, who, I presume, is an excellent man, however mistaken in his manner of showing it here, will preach more effectually in behalf of amalgamation, in the Spring-street church, if he will only deliver his sermon from the side of a coloured wife. If he will constrain Dr. Patton's people to take a race and a colour into their *pews* for the sake of human freedom, towards which he has his *distastes*, as well as his love of benevolence, we also, will constrain him to take the same things *precisely*, for the same purposes, into the sanctuary of his arms. He shall not spurn or *neglect* them *anywhere;* no, never. Talk as you please about your distinctions between distastes and prejudices, we know them not; and we honour not the philosophy that teaches us distinctions, where there is no difference in fact, and which only creates fogs for those who love not to sail in sunshine, lest the crazy condition of their craft should be seen. When the rank, and wealth, and moral worth of old England will amalgamate with our coloured people, many of whom will be priests and princes in the kingdom of God on high, and send their offspring over as ministers of State, sustained, if needful, by her bristling bayonets, and thundering warships, then will she act more in earnest to uphold this doctrine of mixing up the races into a perfect equality.

I say, then Sir, Editor, standing on your own high premises of no prejudice, no distaste toward the dark complexion,—with amalgamation in the house of God, as your fundamental principle, and imperious duty,—standing thus, and thus sustained, Sir, I call on you, and all such as you, to amalgamate *everywhere*, as a matter of conscience and consistency, and high obligation; and so long as you neglect this duty, while pointing your finger of sarcasm at the Spring-street church, wonder not, if we proclaim you, wide as your paper circulates, as a recreant from your own principles, and as an hypocrite in the kingdom of humanity.

Such is my argumentum ad hominem, the force of which, I think stupidity petrified can feel. Where is its "coarse ribaldry?" Be it understood, however, that I present it not as a committal of myself to or against the doctrine of an universal amalgamation between the races, whatever may be my views on the subject. I do it *simply* to show, that such a doctrine *inevitably* belongs to YOUR creed, and should be exhibited in *your example*, and should close your mouth forever against some of the best men on earth, whom you have assaulted so often, and who scorn to make you any reply. I have ways of my own in which I go through the difficulties of this great subject, without any contempt or ribaldry towards the coloured man. But I, by no means belong to that number, who, "on their winding way," now go all indignant against the arrangements of the Spring-street church, and now connive, and dodge, and gratify both their tastes, and their *distastes* among similar arrangements, under their own domestic roofs. I hope, Sir, you will not constrain me by future errors to send you any other article than the one which will contain the proof that my "present position," in view of which you "*rejoice*" so much, is an old one with me, and will be maintained, notwithstanding your infidelity on the subject.

Yours, &c.

W. PAGE.

True Wesleyan.—O. Scott vs. J. W. Walker.

FRIEND GAY:—The following has been refused by the True Wesleyan, although written in reply to a series of statements and charges made in that paper. Luther Lee may satisfy himself in doing so, but I very much doubt it. Other charges are made weekly through that paper in connection with my name, with a view to injure the Anti-Slavery cause, which are utterly untrue; but to re- [illegible] if the editor pursues such a [illegible] munication that are not strictly anti-slavery, and would not appear, had the article been originally written for the Standard. The whole will show the unfair and reckless course pursued by even professed Anti-Slavery Christians, when their sectarian interests are concerned.

Yours, &c. J. W. WALKER.

LEESVILLE, April 7th, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—You state, "That you have been informed that I have been violating good faith in making use of your private and confidential letters publicly, in order to accomplish certain ends." That you have thus been informed, I have no doubt, and probably by persons about as worthy of credit as the parties who wrote you in reference to my change of sentiment while I was in the Wesleyan Methodist Church. Will you tell me the name of your informant? That I have used your letter, marked private, for purposes above referred to, or any other purpose, I utterly deny. Let your informant state the time and place when this was done; let him mention the parties to whom it was done; let him give the substance of its contents; or let him stand condemned in your estimation, and in the estimation of the world, as a wilful fabricator of that which is not true!

You well remember the subject of the private letter. At the close of that subject, you said you wished that considered private. Then, in a few lines, you stated that members of the Wesleyan Church in your region, were being cured of their pro-slavery politics,—*then* you gave your views of the United States Constitution, being a reiteration of the views published by yourself two years and a half ago, in the True Wesleyan. These facts and views I have stated on several occasions; yet never dreamed of violating good faith. I thought it a thing worthy of being known, that the Wesleyans were being cured of their pro-slavery politics, and looked upon it as evidence of advancement. Little did I think that it was a matter that ought to be kept *secret*. I thought it was a matter you would like to have proclaimed upon the house-top.

Then as to your views of the Constitution. I had become a convert to *your views* of that instrument, and as you had published them to the world, and merely referred to them in that letter, I could not possibly think that I was violating good faith in referring to your public sentiments. I did not think that O. Scott held sentiments on a subject that was agitating the nation, and that he wished them kept a secret. They might be unpopular, and bring down upon the head of the holder, (as they did at the time they were published,) unmeasured abuse, and storms of opposition; but still I did not think that you, my friend, were afraid of their publication, or, that in doing this, I was committing a sin, the penalty of which was, a discontinuance of correspondence. Only say that you designed your views of the advance of the Wesleyans and your views of the Constitution to be kept within my bosom—to be buried in the darkness of secrecy, and I will go at my own expense to each place that I may have mentioned these things at, and declare that they were private not public sentiments, and acknowledge that I was mistaken, and ought not to have used them. I again repeat; let your informant say that I disclosed other than the above, and give the evidence: if not, he will stand amid the herd of sectarian and party calumniators who so much abound. But why did I use the above mentioned facts? I answer, I used the first to show that the Wesleyans were not as bad as the older and larger pro-slavery churches. In this, I did wrong perhaps; the action of Wesleyans compels me to pause, and reflect whether this be true?

I used, the second point, viz: your views of the Constitution, to show the NEW and UNAUTHORIZED interpreters of the Constitution, that not only all the *authorized* expounders of that document, in connection with all the Statesmen of the country, who have any claim to that name, but also yourself, viewed the Constitution as I viewed it. I never did you injustice: in the very quotation I made from your letter, you state that you could not go the no-voting theory! This I always read, although I never failed to remark, I could not see with what consistency you acted, when you said that the Constitution was a "wicked" instrument, a "compromise with Slavery," and yet avowed your intention to support it.

You say you cannot keep a correspondence with one who would violate confidence reposed in him. If you feel at any time disposed to favour me with a letter, I shall gladly receive it, much as I think I have been wronged by yourself, in giving credence to persons who backbite and slander all who dared to differ from them; and especially in the article you published in the last Wesleyan, to which I shall hereafter refer.

You have "been informed by two or three persons, that I said I would destroy the Wesleyan church in Cleveland if I could!" What reward do the people of Cleveland expect to obtain by so carefully informing you of all that transpires, and especially of what never has transpired? Who are your informants? I will only say that the best evidence that the above is not correct is—that I did not do it. None will deny, except it be your informants, that I could have done this if I had wished. They may thank me, if the church still lives, that I did not comply with the numerous requests and liberal offers made, on the part of the members and others to remain in the city.

The Alleghany Conference was tolerably well acquainted with the reputed character of that church before I went there. The stationing committee told the delegate, in view of their condition, that I would either kill or cure them. Some have been cured, but it is a pity that more have not undergone one of the changes. I may have cause to repent that I did not pursue a different course. I am not quite sure that it would not be a valuable service to humanity if that church, and all others composed of the same kind of materials, were destroyed. Let me assure you that in this part of the country destroying churches, but those who close church doors against anti-slavery and temperance; those engaged in slander and falsehood; those who are itinerating and preaching against myself and the principles I hold. I should think they must have seen the effects of this course on the part of the old church, but "some are blind and cannot see afar off."

I pity them all, and pray for them, as Christ did for those who acted nearly as bad in the days of his earthly existence. They would not do it if they had not a synagogue to maintain; a sect to support; a priesthood to perpetuate.

Your published letter astonished me far more than anything I have yet seen; and were it not for other reasons, would tend to confirm an opinion which has for some time been forcing itself upon me, that a man cannot be honest at all times who has a sect to build up. You are well aware that the only point that Luther Lee offered to discuss, was the character of the United States Constitution. You are also equally well aware that that was the only point I referred to when I said your opinions were like mine. Why, then, my brother, should you make a false issue? Why should you try to make your readers believe that I considered your views on all points having any possible bearing upon action under the Constitution, the same as mine?

You must have been conscious that this was not the case when you wrote that "I intimate that your views on the Constitution are similar to my own." You cannot defend my views of the Constitution, because some of my views "*are bad, very bad.*" I ask you as a man professing honesty to speak out and tell the community what there is in my views of the Constitution so wicked. You believe "that a peaceable dissolution of the Union between Slavery and Freedom would hasten the abolition of Slavery, and would be the most certain Anti-Slavery measure that could be adopted." "That the Constitution possessed a pro-slavery character." THESE ARDENT VIEWS of the character of the Constitution. I defy you or any other man, either in my private letters or published sentiments, to find any other! What is there in these so "bad, very bad?" Verily, if it is so, I have yourself for a companion; and if there is any damning error resting my mind to this subject. You say, [illegible] the credit of *first* di- articles I distinctly declared myself in favour of human Governments and Church organization." I ask you seriously how you could pen that sentence with my sentiments before you? How could you attempt to make the people believe that we differed on those points? I know that it has been the practice of wicked, base, designing priests—haters of virtue and religion, to try to make the people believe that the American Anti-Slavery Society was opposed to Governments and churches. But that in writing in reference to the difference between your views and mine, you should throw out such an idea, while you had my views before you in a letter, I cannot tell. In the letter I allude to is the following sentence: "I am opposed to no Church, that is a Church of Jesus Christ; that embodies and practices the religion of the Redeemer: to slaveholding, soul-crushing, throat-cutting, man-stranging churches, I am opposed, because they are opposed to the religion of Jesus. I am opposed to no Governments, but those whose object is to overthrow human rights, based upon principles at war with the teachings of the Messiah. I wish to cherish everything in human governments that is of God. I wish to destroy everything there and elsewhere, that stands opposed to the will of God. I also claim as much right as any other man, to judge what the will of God is."

Again, "Brother Walker's course has led me to pause, consider, and examine. I cannot go with him anyhow." I do not ask you to go with me unless you see your way clear. What I ask, is, that you don't try to misrepresent me; don't after consideration come to the conclusion that it is right, in opposition to the best light a man can have, to saddle upon another the chimeras of your own brain, as his views and sentiments. "I have come out, &c. but I go for religion still." Did it to convey the idea that I had given up religion, *thought* that you had been belied, abused, and [illegible] del, till you had learned a better lesson. The [illegible] dog has lost its effect upon the minds of all [illegible] who have given up their souls into the keeping [illegible] their priests, and thank God their number is dec[illegible] I GO FOR RELIGION TOO, but not a religion of bl[illegible] gion of chains, a religion of cruelty, a religion [illegible] and unmeaning ceremonies, of priestly inv[illegible] and foolish blunders, but the religion of LOVE, [illegible] lived by Jesus Christ. Don't, don't I pray you, [illegible] tianize every soul that cannot belong to your [illegible] and church.

"Some men never know when to stop." [illegible] er made a stopping place on the road of eternal pun[illegible] "I am satisfied with the high ground that the W[illegible] s, as a body, have taken," &c. I believe you; [illegible] think that all give up their religion, when they [illegible] not satisfied, and wish to take higher ground?

"We have gone farther as a whole, than any [illegible] nation of Christians extant." That may easily [illegible] be, and yet you may not be what you ought by a long [illegible] So far as I am concerned, I don't know a "denom[illegible] of Christians extant."

"Now if there are any who cannot accommodate [illegible] our slow pace, let them cut loose." &c.

I would rather see you making up your mind to [illegible] your pace, than to put from you those who would [illegible] travel faster than yourself. It is in fact the lang[illegible] of every spiritual despotism in the world. "If you don't like us, leave us." Reformers *always* have had to [illegible] the sects, with whom they were in fellowship. You [illegible] had to do it, so it will be with others till sects [illegible] more.

I had made up my mind that with the Wesleyans would have no unpleasantness; but this is not the [illegible] ing of those who are opposed to me, and the true [illegible] advocate. I should have thought if the Wesleyans were using their sect for the good of the Anti-Slavery cause, instead of the Anti-Slavery cause for the good of the sect, they would have rejoiced when I, or anybody else, took a position where we thought we could be more efficient in the overthrow of Slavery. To my mind it is an awful thing, to make anything paramount to truth; to seek the building up of a petty party, to the exclusion of right principles. I feel as much desirous for your welfare, for the welfare of the whole connection as I ever did.

I hope this may be the last letter I shall be called on to write, on personal or other matters connected with this subject.

Yours, &c.

J. W. WAKE.

The Anti-Slavery Stamrd.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1847.

MAY 11847.

MY FRIEND:—It had been my hope to have written more frequently for the Standard. The cause which have hindered the fulfilment of this hope, I need not refer to; they do not lie, however, I trust, in any diminution of interest in the principles which it advocates and the ends which it seeks. To impart some of my thoughts concerning the great subject, I have at this time chosen the freedom of epistolary correspondence, rather than the restraints and rules of discussion, or any other method.

The first element of sympathy which I have been accustomed to feel with the Anti-Slavery movement, is its affirmation of the absolute supremacy of the Divine Law of Rectitude. Its old motto, full of quickening power, Fiat Justitia, Cœlum ruat, is open indeed to something like criticism, in its seeming to imply the possibility of ruin following from justice: but as the declaration that all things are to be sacrificed rather than justice, all consequences to be waived from the clearness and emphasis with which it is uttered. Justice is indeed essence and soul of Heaven; Heaven is but form and embodiment of justice; so that what impairs or obscures the one, impairs and obscures the other; and while Justice forever unfolds and establishes Heaven, Injustice is its darkening and destruction: Injuria facta, Cœlum ruit. The Universe has its basis in Justice; and if Justice could cease, the Universe must fall into ruin. We have, then, two great ideas; the first, that Justice is supreme, and so must be fulfilled in the uttermost, and at all hazards; the other, that in doing justice we come into harmony with the whole order and security of the Universe. God, Man, Nature; Eternity and Time; Infinitude and the Finite; permanence and change; the Heavens above us with all their orbs and splendours; and the earth, air, sea, with all their forms and revolutions; proceed from Justice as their one source, co-operate with it as their life, and are determined to it as their final issue. Seeking the end of justice in the spirit, and according to the methods of justice, we need never apprehend aught of evil. This, indeed, I need not say to you; but there are not a few—not a few whom the world counts wise and learned—whose feeling, perhaps language, is this: "Freedom is surely due to every human being. Slavery is not a case only, but a tremendous injustice. Justice demands the enfranchisement of every slave. But the consequences of urging obedience to its voice, is too fearful, alienation of affection between different sections of our country, disturbance of settled law and usage, dissolution of the confederacy, civil war, violence, all evils connected with disunion of ancient and endeared bonds. At what height stands our country now? Into what depth falls it through such agitation; an abyss, literally such, no bottom to the depth into which it shall plunge us." Minds accustomed to such thoughts, acknowledge partially the law of Justice; but they dare not trust it alone, there must become other law joined with it, qualifying it, softening it, commending it to the appetite, and adjusting it to the order of the world. They would deem it injurious to urge them with denying the Unity of God, with rejecting his truth, and accepting, instead, commandments often; yet to me they do seem to join Baal with Jehovah, and to bring human idols into the Divine Temple. The [illegible] of the country, this is—sacred at any rate, if not paramount. Such reasoners, acting according to their doctrine, may call themselves Christians; but theirs is not the Christianity of Jesus,—worship of the Father; their relationship is a strife to serve different gods; the One, 'tis they cannot deny; the many, whom they inwardly obey.

Now such persons need to be assured that they have deviated from truth in these two respects. They do not obey the supreme law of Justice; they do not trust its power. Take the popular maxim; our country right or wrong! The worst Atheism. Plutarch, I think it is, has once said, in allusion to the ancient mythologies, that it was worse to say the gods were such as fable ide them, than to say they were not, even as he would rather it should be said,—there is no such man as Plutarch, than that it should be said, Plutarch is evil, wrongful, and delights in human sacrifices. The latter is not God, Justice is not supreme, saith the popular deed. Our country is God, and when our country demands Wrong, Injustice, then is Wrong, Injustice supreme. The Father of Jesus is dethroned, the best gods of the Pantheon are brought out to homage. Justice is postponed to injustice; the very universe is shoved out of the sphere of faith and of life, and a small strip of land which we call our own, and the few people who happen to live in it, and the brief moment of a generation or a century, swell up before us as the all in all. So do they forsake Truth, and cleave to a Lie! They forget, moreover, that the Lie will reveal itself as Lie at the last. Retribution is sure! Acquiescence in evil is either than resistance to them; consent to the wrong for fear of danger; support of your own country, its laws, its deeds, its purposes, irrespective of their character; continuance of Slavery, pushing of war for its extension, or for any selfish and ambitious end; these things will bring about the very results they are thought to hinder. We have seen trees all fair and green, and growing, and when it was spring, they budded and gave forth their leaves like the youngest and the soundest; but the heart was rotten all the while, and when they fell, it was found that the life was all on the outside, freshness covering decay and death. It is so with an unjust nation; its Constitution looks as it always did, its laws are the same, its union may seem perfect and indissoluble, it may grow larger, multiplying its branches, and bearing abundance; it may have fertile soil, and widening territory; its army and navy may be strong, its commerce may bring in the riches of all lands, its cities may be vast and splendid, its villages may surmount every waterfall, its manufactures and agriculture may yield of their products to capitalist and to labour; the whole superficies, in one word, of the nation, may be smooth and fair: What, then? The single fact of Slavery within such a nation, is sure rottenness. The nation cherishing it is doomed. Injustice is its rain. Without repentance, that is, abandonment of injustice, of Slavery, it will certainly perish.

I have lately thought not a little of one thing. Three centuries ago, how great the power of Spain! On this continent, overwhelming; to Europe, most formidable. A Cortez may be reckoned symbol of it! The Spaniard, proud, valiant, inertible. No prophetic spirit met him on the ocean [illegible] e land, no voice came to him out of the falling ruins of Mexico, to announce the end. Such spirit, suppose it speaking of the coming destiny of the empire of Ferdinand:—"Go forth, proud chieftain, and Montezuma shall die tortured before thee. His hosts shall fall by thy conquering arm. His sunny land shall be darkened by thy victories. His palaces and temples shall disappear forever. Thou shalt enter into the beautiful region, and hold it as thine own. Beneath its serene sky, from the Atlantic to the Pacific waters, thy realm shall extend, glorious cities, inexhaustible mines, all shall be thine! Yet beware. Three centuries shall pass over thy children; and new scenes shall be opened. Thy native Spain sunk down from her grandeur; her mighty empire prostrate; her own soil trodden by despotism and weakness; son of the morning fallen from heaven, draggling in the dust. These conquered provinces growing, and severing themselves from the maternal bosom, torn by intestine strife, fierce and ungovernable, doomed to be the prey to foreign aggression. Look! I lift the veil which covers the future. See those bloody fields, Palo Alto, Monterey, Buena Vista, Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo. Thousands die by the fierce artillery. The banners of thy Mexico falls. Children of thy chivalrous Spain everywhere flee before sons of the England which now trembles at her power. The day of Spanish glory is going down. All thou seekest is vanishing into perpetual darkness." One other word we may hear of the prophetic spirit to which men decline to listen: "Cortez, repent of thy sin. Spaniard, cease from thy ravages. Peruvian and Mexican mines may not yield of their gold or their soil; thou mayest be unknown among the nations for prowess and dominion; but thou shalt be blessed. From thy mountain border to the ocean, from thy northern bay to thy beautiful Mediterranean, shall be peace and plenty, love and communion. Be humble, be meek, be just, thou shalt be exhalted, thou shalt possess a fair earth, all thou art of just shalt come back to thee in revenues of enduring wealth. But injustice shall be recompense of injustice; rob, thou shalt be robbed; murder, thou shalt be murdered; all the measure of ill thou metest to thy weaker brother, stronger neighbour shall mete it to thee. Nor deem it long. Centuries are but summer days, ages are but hours, in the lapse of the great world's history. The recompense may seem far off; it is near. The very sun, now so bright to thee, shall soon go down in darkness." The Spaniard of the sixteenth century saw not the vision; the Anglican-American of the nineteenth century shuts his eyes to the same prophetic vision, and dreams not that the law which has depressed Spain is living law, and will reveal its retributions, sure as the ordinance of nature. America boasts of the morrow, not less than of the day; but the morrow to the is fear to the spirit which knows no time but successions of State, and the laws by which they come and go. America boasts of her glory; but it is a transient glory; and he voice comes to her from above, "Repent, or thou shalt perish. Thou trampleest the slave and the Mexican now; thine hour shall come, and stronger foe, whence and how thou canst not see, shall trample thee down, and exult over the fields of thy blood, and the groans of thy fallen. Cease from thy pride, abandon thy cruelty, allow freedom to thy bondmen, deal justly with thy neighbour; then shalt thou live blessed forever in thy large recompense!

The first thing which we need is a deeper conviction of the identity, not barely the harmony, but the identity, of justice with the order of the universe, over and above its supremacy as the law of human life and action. The next thing, it seems to me, is a real conviction that slaveholding is sin. Abolitionists, I think, in the full consciousness of this position as indisputably true, have come to feel that it may be assumed without particular illustration. From my own acquaintance with society, I have become convinced that obvious a truism as it is to themselves, there are not a few who continue to deny, more, probably, who continue to hesitate, when the affirmation is made. Scripture is pleaded still for Slavery, expediency is supposed to demand it; the masters must have the labour, and the slaves are mentally and morally disqualified, they say, for a higher state; the political Union ought not to be put in peril by agitation; the Church must not be disturbed in its appropriate aims and movements by such a volcanic element. These, and who can tell what other, considerations are forever advanced either to disprove the sinfulness of holding men enslaved, or to cover it up by pretexts and palliations. Many who have passed through the whole period of excitement, are yet to seek the truth which they have failed to find; some indeed obstinately rejecting it thus far, but others through various causes remaining uninformed of the facts and principles which might draw them to a firm conviction and active effort on this momentous subject. Then again, there are those who have come into active life since the commencement of the Anti-Slavery movement, yet through the circumstances in which they have grown up, amidst prejudices of society, of friends, amidst prejudices political and religious, hearing abolitionism vilified while Slavery has been either passed over in silence or palliated, associating the advocacy of freedom with irreligion and disorder, and slavery with religion and government; and such need illustrations of the same initial principles which seem too obvious to require proof.

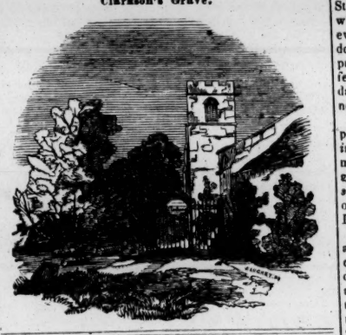
During the theological discussions of the last century in New England, the principle became distinctly enunciated that any course of action being proved sinful, it followed thence as a necessary consequence that it should be abandoned immediately. Immediate repentence, this became the emphatic word of religious instruction. In the progress of thought, the conviction became strong in many minds that the holding of men as slaves was of itself a sinful act. Hence, on the ground of this pre-supposition, the early stages of the Anti-Slavery movement were characterized by the continual recurrence of these theological formulas. The formulas are of little consequence in themselves; but the ideas they express are of truest validity. Sin is sin; and all sin should be abandoned so soon as discovered; nothing simpler and more obvious than this. And late as it is in the day to say this, I am strongly inclined to think that active Abolitionists have in a measure forgotten that the intrinsic wrongfulness of slaveholding is yet to be made out to the American people. Until our countrymen do recognize this—so obvious, yet so little confessed—doctrine, they will not of course acknowledge the conclusion. Those who still plead Scripture for Slavery, must see it shown that no book can authenticate wrong as of God. Those who plead the want of slaves for the labour which is needed, are to learn that no want can justify injury; that necessity, the tyrant's perpetual plea, is but a pretext under which wrong covers itself, and lies hidden from men's sight, all open forever to the vision of truth. So through all attempts at justification of the wrong; they must be exposed over and over again; in the words of the old Hebrew, line upon line, precept upon precept.

Take the present doctrine urging in word dissolution of the Union, demanding in fact the formation of a real re-union. While men are unconscious or insensible of the absolute wrongfulness, the outrage on all justice involved in the very deed itself of enslaving a brother; while, moreover, they perceive no personal or social relation to the deed; they will continue to be shocked at the demand, whenever presented, to separate themselves from the misnamed Union which now seeks to bind together Slavery and Freedom, to marry Inhumanity and Justice. Let the conscience be roused; let the moral sensibility be awakened; let the feeling of the supremacy of the Divine Law be connected with perception of its infraction by Slavery; let the individual be brought to inmost sympathy with the slave, and highest aspiration for freedom; then is he ready to drop off all the chains which bind him to the wrong; never before. With these views, I would suggest whether it would not be well to recur with greater frequency and fulness than we have been wont of late, to first principles—not as postulates which we have only to assume and reason and act upon—but as problems, which they still are, to many minds, to be solved anew, or rather as theorems of which the demonstrations, and even the enunciations, are to be restated, and if possible, with increased clearness and power.

I have written more, I fear, than you will be disposed to publish; otherwise, I should proceed, perhaps, to a longer consideration of these topics, certainly, to the introduction of some other thoughts. As it is, I stop for the present, without promise, or it might haply be deemed threat, of resuming such expression of my convictions. I will only add, the times are indeed dark; but it becomes us to remain in good cheer: the blackest clouds are tinged with the morning ray.

Your friend, T. T. S

Clarkson's Grave.



We give above a wood-cut of the place of burial of Thomas Clarkson, who died on the 26th of September last, and was buried on the 2d of October. The print we copy from the People's Journal. The following account of the funereal obsequies, which, we are sure, with the sketch, will be very acceptable to our readers, we also copy from that valuable publication:

* * * * * *

The funereal procession was in accordance with the simple and unostentatious character of the great apostle of negro emancipation. It consisted of a hearse, four mourning coaches, and two private carriages. There were no armorial emblazonments or "nodding plumes." *He* needed no such auxiliaries. The chief mourner was his grandson, Thomas Clarkson, a youth about sixteen years of age, son of the eminent barrister, who lost his life about nine years since in London. A few private friends mingled their tears with those of the mourners. On either side of the hearse, walked six agricultural labourers, employed on the estate, and the mournful procession was closed by the domestics.

Slowly it passed from the court-yard over the bridge, and the village. At various points the peasantry and their children were assembled. Sobs were heard on every side. The tolling of the bell now broke more audibly upon the ear; and the solemn pealing, as the breeze swept by, mingled with the rustling of the dried leaves, which curled overhead, and fell upon the hearse. The various groups of villagers took their positions in the wake of the procession; those who were too old or too infirm, remained at their cottage doors, and many were seen to brush away the manly tears, which in big drops coursed down their aged and furrowed cheeks. All paid the willing homage of the heart to their late kind friend and benefactor. The warm tears of affectionate sympathy and respect bestrewed the passage of the great philanthropist to the grave.

There were now but a few steps more, and the tomb would close upon him forever. The body, placed on a bier and covered with a plain black velvet pall, was borne by the labourers slowly up the churchyard path. The bell ceasing its solemn pealing, was succeeded by the emphatic tones of the clergyman's voice, repeating the first beautiful passage of the burial service:—"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die!" The villagers of both sexes, from childhood to old age, occupied the green turf on either side of the pathway, and about twenty-four gentlemen, in deep mourning, stood on either side of the southern porch, anxious to pay their last homage to the illustrious dead.

The remains of Thomas Clarkson were placed in a vault adjacent to the south door of the chancel, side by side with those of his late son. In the immediate vicinity are the "green graves" of many of the forefathers of the village. The site of the tomb is marked with an iron palisading in the form of a quadrangle; in this palisading a white marble tablet bears the following inscription:—

THOMAS CLARKSON,
ONLY SON OF
THOMAS AND CATHERINE CLARKSON,
BORN OCTOBER 19TH, 1796;
DIED MARCH 9TH, 1837.
HIS WIDOW AND LITTLE BOY
HAVE PLACED THIS TABLET HERE.

The coffin of the great philanthropist was covered simply with black cloth, pannelled with black nails. A silver plate merely recorded the following:—

THOMAS CLARKSON, A. M.
BORN MARCH 20TH, 1760;
DIED SEPTEMBER 26TH, 1846.

Various flowers and shrubs bloomed within the circumscribed area: the shoots of the honeysuckle had intertwined themselves with the palisading, in various fanciful forms. Such are the simple characteristics of the tomb of Clarkson. When summers return, his resting-place will be decked with flowers.

No effigies chiselled from Parian marble invest the tomb with borrowed grandeur: no heraldic devices or emblazonments arrest the eye of the stranger: no monumental stone records in elaborate phrases the deeds of Clarkson. They are sufficiently engraven in the world's remembrance.

The Slaveholders' Money.

The question of the acceptance of the slaveholders' money by the Central Relief Committee of Dublin, is still exciting the interest of our friends on the other side of the Atlantic. The real question, as it seems to us, is, were the Committee acting as Friends, or simply as a Committee of Relief, without any reference to their religious views? *As Friends* they were right in rejecting the money from the Theatre, and had no right to retain that from the slaveholders. *As a Committee* they were wrong in rejecting either. The following article upon the subject we find in the British Friend:

DUBLIN RELIEF COMMITTEE AND THE SLAVEHOLDERS' MONEY.—We understand that since the date of our last publication, there have been sent to this Committee, from individual members of our Society; in one instance, we believe, from a Monthly Meeting of Friends; and from various Anti-Slavery societies, remonstrances against accepting the slaveholders' contributions; as an answer to which, the Committee have issued the following minute, or resolution:—

"*Central Relief Committee of the Society of Friends, 43, Fleet Street, Dublin, 22d of 4th Month*, 1847.

"At a meeting of the Committee, held this day, the following Minute was adopted:—

"Several communications having been addressed to this Committee, urging us to decline receiving subscriptions towards the relief of the present distress in Ireland, from those parts of America where Slavery is upheld, we think it right to declare, that it would be cause of deep concern to us, if any act of this Committee should have a tendency to weaken our own hands, or those of the faithful labourers in the cause in Great Britain and America, in the upright maintenance of testimony against Slavery; but that upon deliberate consideration of the circumstances under which contributions of money and food have been forwarded to us for distribution, by citizens of the slaveholding States, we have not found in them any sufficient warrant for refusing to accept the trust."

Extracted from the Minutes,—

WM. HUGHES, Assist. Sec.

Like Master Like Man.

The Courier and Enquirer, which never, by any accident, allows a sympathetic expression towards the suffering part of humanity to appear in its columns, but on the contrary misrepresents the actions of the benevolent, sneers at their motives, and traduces their characters has a London Correspondent who rather exceeds the coarse and unfeeling violence of his employer when alluding to the effects of philanthropists. In his last letter he makes the following base and scurrilous remarks upon the gross injustice done to Frederick Douglass, by the Liverpool agent of the Cunard steamers. What a striking contrast does this low vituperative letter present to the uncomplaining, and perfectly modest statement of the affair made by Mr. Douglass himself, since his return. The writer evidently knew nothing about Mr. Douglass, or he would not call him an imposter, and talk of his subsiding into obscurity. Frederick Douglass has already gained a name by his rare talents and most singular history which will save him from obscurity. When the name of Toussaint L'Overture becomes obscure, and suffering and violence have been banished from the world by universal justice, then the name of Frederick Douglass may subside into obscurity. But the correspondent of the Courier probably cares nothing about Frederick Douglass, all he aimed at was to conciliate the great conservative power from whom he receives his wages. The following is the letter.—B

FREDRICK DOUGLASS, the negro, who, coming to this country as a steerage passenger in the *Cambria*, more than a year since, managed to create a disturbance on board by his libels upon the slaveholding States of the Union, has again brought himself into notice, and, of course, as a martyr. Now that he has returned to the States, where his history and character are known, he will probably subside again into obscurity; a state in every way suited to his desert and appropiate to his doctrines; for however much the blacks may be oppressed and wronged, those who insist upon their perfect equality with the whites, surely forget that total darkness is the only *natural* condition in which there is no distinction of colour.

This negro impostor, Douglass, found, as all such impostors, unfortunately do find, sympathizing and *subscribing* auditories in England; and having lived for some months upon his gross misrepresentations of one of our great social evils, is made the hero of a Stigginsonian *soiree* at the London Tavern, where George Thompson is of course prominent, and where to my amazement, even Douglass Jerrold assists [illegible] ea-drinking.

Well-knowing that he [illegible] not be allowed to take a cabin-passage to Bosto[illegible] the *Cambria*, (the identical vessel in which he [illegible] here,) he goes to the London office of the Steam [illegible] pany, expecting to be refused a ticket, and doubtles intending to "write a letter to the Times," on the subject of this infringement of the rights of man, as a sort of farewell to his English "constituents." At the office he finds a boy, who literally ignorant of the "difference between black and white," supplies him with the desired ticket for a berth on board the *Cambria*. Armed with this ticket, obtained with a *perfect knowledge* that he could not be allowed to make use of it, he hastens to Livorpool, and wins the desired crown of martyrdom, by being compelled to take back his money and give up his berth. Then, of course, comes the letter to the *Times* about the Rights of Man, and the Times cites as an evidence of *American* prejudice the refusal of a *British* steam-ship, employed by the *British* Government, to carry a black passenger among the white ones.

A few days elapse, and some facetious gentleman, signing himself "*Charles Burrop*, of Asgill, Virginia," and professing to be chief proprietor of the Cunard steamers, writes a letter in defence of the steam Company, full of sound *argument*, but unfortunately full of "conclusive facts," utterly deficient in truth. This is placed in conjunction with a letter from Mr. Mac Iver, the Liverpool agent of the steamers, in which he handles Mr. Douglass very gently, but insinuates that his statements are false. The next day is published a letter from the real proprietor of the steamer, Mr. S. Cunard, stating there is no such person as Mr. Burrop [illegible] and that his statements are entirely "untrue." Had Mr. Cunard stopped here, all would be well—but there is something very Talleyrand-ish about the sentence with which his letter closes. "No one can regret more than I do, the unpleasant circumstances respecting Mr. Douglass's passage; but I can assure you that nothing of the kind will again take place in the steam-ships with which I am connected."

Does Mr. Cunard mean that he yields to popular clamour, and will take negroes as cabin-passengers without respect to the noses of his white supporters; or, that he will take especial care that *no more tickets will be* sold to negroes?

The matter deserves no more remark, but I cannot help observing that the *Times* has made no attempt to explain its publication of the spurious letter.—*Anglo Knickerbocker.*

The Voice of Massachusetts.

The following are the resolutions of the Massachusetts Legislature on the Mexican war. An account of the proceedings at their passage, it will be recollected, was given by our Boston correspondent in his last letter.—

Resolved, That the present war with Mexico has its primary origin in the unconstitutional annexation to the United States of the foreign State of Texas; that it was unconstitutionally commenced by the order of the President, to Gen Taylor, to take military possession of territory in dispute between the United States and Mexico, *and in the occupation of Mexico;* and that it is now waged—by a powerful nation against a weak neighbour unnecessarily and without just cause, at immense cost of treasure and life, for the dismemberment of Mexico and for the conquest of a portion of her territory, from which Slavery has already been excluded, with the triple object of extending Slavery, of strengthening the "slave-power," and of obtaining the control of the free States, under the Constitution of the United States.

Resolved, That such a war of conquest, so hateful in its objects, so wanton, unjust and unconstitutional in its origin and character, must be regarded as a war against freedom, against humanity, against justice, against the Union, against the Constitution, and *against the free States;* and that a regard for the true interests and the highest honour of the country, not less than the impulses of Christian duty, should arouse all good citizens to join in efforts to arrest this war, and, in every just way, aiding the country to retire from the position of aggression which it now occupies towards a weak, distracted neighbour, and sister republic.

Resolved, That our attention is directed anew to the wrong and "enormity" of Slavery, and to the tyranny and usurpation of the "slave-power," as displayed in the history of our country, particularly in the annexation of Texas, and the present war with Mexico; and that we are impressed with the unalterable conviction, that a regard for the fair fame of our country, for the principles of morals, and for that righteousness which exalteth a nation, sanctions and requires all constitutional efforts for the destruction of the unjust influence of the slave-power, and for the abolition of Slavery within the limits of the United States.

Resolved, That the annexation of territory with Mexican population upon it, is highly inconsistent with the well being of this Union.

The Boston Whig makes the following remarks upon the probable nomination of Gen. Taylor to the Presidency:—

The question remains, What will the free States do? The answer is, Give way of course as they have always done. The Whig expediency doctors will do so in order to secure a share, however small of the spoils; the Democrats in order to save what they have got, the followers of fortune, the Captain Dalgetties of politics, in order to takes sides with the strongest; and many of the multitude, because they know not why. Yet amidst all the confusion likely to follow from the scramble, one result may be attained of the highest value to all useful future action.

policy upon which we may all act understandingly for the future; by which if the party should come into power as the result of its exertions, we should knew exactly what we shall have to gain by it in the way of reform of existing evils. This is what we ask. Nothing short of this can satisfy at least that portion of he Whigs, with which we are happy to sympathize. If this is to be denied us; if the party is to be broken up from the fear of meeting the tests of a national convention—if a slaveholding General is to be made—

"To wade through slaughter to a throne."

for the sake of overwhelming the scruples of those who detest a slaveholding policy, then all we have to say is, our hands are made free by the act of slaveholders from all further obligations to a party which thus voluntarily dissolves itself. There is but one alternative left. All those of all parties who refuse to take the slaveholding collar of a military chieftain must take measures to unite in a common system of resistance. The time may not yet have come when the minds of men are prepared for this result, but if the policy herein marked out to be persevered in, it will come as sure as there is a sun in the heavens, and that before long.

A NEW PAPER.—We have observed in one or two late English papers, an intimation that Frederick Douglass is about to establish a newspaper in this country; and in an April number of the (Glasgow) British Friend, an appeal is made to his friends in that country, for funds to purchase the requisite materials for that purpose. The *Friend* states that it is the purpose of Mr. Douglass to locate himself somewhere in the central part of this State. Of course we should welcome such a coadjutor, though we should at the same time regret, for the cause's sake, such a step on the part of Mr. Douglass. That a paper edited by him would have a wide circulation, we have no doubt; nor can there be a question that he would prove himself as well able to sustain the duties of such a position, as he has in every other in which he has been thrown during the last ten years of his eventful life. He would, however, lose in a great measure as an editor, the peculiar influence which he exercises as a public speaker. He speaks as a coloured man, as one who has been a slave, and as the representative of three millions of his countrymen in bonds. This distinctive character he must, in a great degree lose, as an editor. Frederick Douglass, the orator, speaking yearly to many thousands, known all over the country, and honoured in all the Northern States, will be comparatively an unknown and uninfluential man, as the editor of a newspaper. If, however, he is determined to enter upon this new sphere, no efforts, we trust, will be spared by the friends of the Anti-Slavery cause to aid him, and give him as large an audience as possible.

From our Baltimore Correspondent.

BALTIMORE, May 16, 1847.

The long drought in this State is causing the old cry of "not half a crop of grain will be gathered this season." The wheat-growing counties of the State have suffered much, and from present appearances the crop must be light. Spring-sown grain, though very backward, should the season henceforth be favorable, may come forward to fair crop. The supply of old grain at present is small, the high prices having called it nearly all into market.—And should the drought continue, our friends of the lower, or tobacco-growing counties, may be relieved from the necessity of sending one of their number here to dispose of their staple commodity. These particular friends give themselves a deal of uneasiness about the prosperity of the upper counties, and this city in particular. They have held meetings to adopt measures "for the better protection of the planters," &c. They resolved to petition the Legislature to abolish the State warehouses and inspections in Baltimore, that Ohio tobacco may not be brought here for inspection, and thus brought into competition with theirs. Another of their plans is to send some of their number to the city to dispose of their crops, that they may not contribute to the support of any of our citizens who may be engaged in the commission business. These noble-hearted souls can't see why they are running behind hand every year, while the upper counties are steadily improving. They have large plantations, and plenty of slaves to work them, while the upper counties have small farms and few slaves. They have an idea that *they* have the people of Baltimore to support, and say they can no longer endure the load. The entire assessments of the State of Maryland the past year were about one hundred and eighty millions of dollars. Of this amount about eighty millions was in Baltimore, and when we deduct more than one-half of the balance, for the upper counties, it shows to what extent they were "oppressively taxed" to support the city. And the best of the joke is, they repudiated their taxes, and what of them ever have been collected, were collected on the plan of the Van Rensselaer rents. But no one will doubt the future success of the friends of the "peculiar institution," when they hear through what a medium they have to utter their thoughts, and send forth their anathemas against the North.

The "Western Continent" of this city has come out, the past week with a Prospectus sheet, addressed "to the Southern and Southwestern States," declaring the Continent to be the organ of the South, and appeals for "the patronage of the Southern public, to whose *peculiar interests* our Journal is particularly devoted." The above quotation is his closing remark; he commences in this wise: "At a time when nearly every publication that emanates from the Northern press—literary, religious, and political—is impregnated with principles *hostile to the interest, and insulting to the feelings of the people of the South*, when the enemies of Southern institutions are organizing for a bold and formidable invasion of Southern rights, and when professed abolition papers are sustained within our borders by contributions from Northern societies, when the most important political issues of the day are being merged in that of abolitionism,—the vital necessity of at LEAST ONE POPULAR MEDIUM, in which Southern views may be uttered, and Southern interests vindicated, free from the bias of political or sectarian prejudice, must be apparent to all. With a view to supply such a Journal the Western Continent has been established in Baltimore," * * * * * "and we feel that it is only necessary to make the *Continent* known to the public, to whose interests it is devoted, to insure it general circulation." This wonderful document is signed W. T. Thompson, which settles the rumor to be a fact that Mr. Carter has retired from the concern. He was no doubt out of his element.

I see by the report of the anniversaries held in your city the past week, that the New-York Colonization Society met at the Tabernacle, and that the Rev. Henry Slicer, late of this city, entertained the audience in his "usual eloquent and happy style," for about twenty minutes. The short report that I saw, represents him to have *entertained* the audience with the old stale apology for the South, that if the Abolitionists had not interfered, Slavery would have been abolished long since, in Kentucky, Virginia, and Maryland. I wonder the Reverend Divine don't profit by this lesson, and cease his eternal harping about poor sinners. If he will let the poor devils alone, they will repent themselves. They don't like to have their sins pointed out to them, and held up to view constantly. This Rev. Mr. Slicer is the man, you will recollect, that preached such a flaming war sermon on the departure of our volunteers for Mexico, one year since. But I alluded to this meeting simply to ask the question of this society:—If the slaves of the South are improving in their present condition, morally and intellectually, so much faster than any other people ever did, as set forth by the editor of the "Banner and Pioneer," at Louisville, Ky. why do they wish to send them back to Africa, to return to their barbarous customs, as they necessarily must, to a greater or less extent? This "Banner and Pioneer" man says, the slaves, notwithstanding every obstacle in their way, have kept pace with the improvement of the whites. He says they are more capable of self-government this hour, than the French Canadians, the Mexican, or any of the States of South America. He says the very Christian motive of enhancing their value as slaves, is prompting the slaveholders to elevate their condition. I will ask again of this pious body, whether it is right to send these people away from such advantages? As this is already too long, I will close. Yours,

N.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter from our Dublin Correspondent.

Condition of Ireland.—Silence of the Newspapers.—Yearly Meeting of Friends.—Their Testimony.—Distress Increasing.—Suffering among Farmers and Shopkeepers.—Pestilence.—Mortality in Cork.—Decimation of the People.—Shocking state of things in Dungarvan.—New Poor Law.—Probable Emigration of the Middle Class.—Relief from England and America.—Total Amount of Relief in Money and Provisions.—Estimated Loss by Failure of Crops.—Value of Rice.—Patience of the Suffering People.—Pro-Slavery Articles in the London News.

DUBLIN, 2d May, 1847.

MY DEAR GAY:—As Ireland in her present condition, must be an object of peculiar interest to you, and to many of the readers of the Standard, I shall make no apology for so soon writing again. Until within the last week, although I knew that in the South and West the sufferings of the people were still very great, and dysentery and fever fearfully prevalent, I was under the impression, that public and private benevolence had been effectual in stemming the tide of misery and death, and that owing to the large importations from America, and the fall in the price of provisions, the evil was greatly assuaged, and we might look forward to an improvement in the condition of the country at no distant period. I was partly led into this error, by the silence of such of the newspapers as I see. None of these contain any reference to the actual condition of the country, such as they should exhibit, if they were faithful pictures of the times. The editors and their readers are probably tired of the subject; and no wonder—for little pleasure can be derived from harrowing details of wretchedness, which it is out of our power to relieve to any perceptible extent.

Within the past week, the Yearly Meeting of Friends in Ireland, has been held in this city. I had thus an opportunity of making inquiries of many who have been laborious, faithful, and indefatigable in their efforts to relieve the distress; and I was grieved and amazed, to learn that the distress is everywhere becoming more intense than heretofore. Last evening, at the close of the business meetings of the Yearly Meeting, a large open Committee was very generally attended by members of the Society, of both sexes, and from all parts of the country, for the interchange of information between the Central Committee and their auxiliaries throughout Ireland. The unanimous and unqualified testimony of the speakers, men of great activity, intelligence, and benevolence, and habitually cautious in their choice of words, was to the effect, that wherever the distress first became apparent, there it is now most fearful in its ravages, and is likely to continue most severe; that it is everywhere on the increase, and is extending upwards in the scale of society—from the peasant and poor cottier, to the poor farmers and poor shopkeepers, and from these to those who are in more comfortable circumstances, so that near all classes, not excepting the most wealthy and apparently independent, are likely to feel the pinching of the screw in some form or other. Fever is spreading with fearful rapidity, and although money may stave off starvation, nothing but flight from the country, can guarantee any man from the pestilence. Many magistrates, clergymen, and physicians, whose duties have brought them into contact with the poor, have fallen victims—and yesterday, the account arrived in town, of the death of Lord Turgan, from typhus fever. He was, I understand, a man of large property, a good landlord, and much beloved and respected.

The ravages of pestilence and famine appear in their most terrible form in the large county of Cork, which occupies the greater portion of the southwestern extremity of the Island, and contains a population of upwards of 700,000 souls. In the city of Cork, they have had to open five hospitals, for the reception of fever patients. Hundreds of poor creatures go into them, merely that when they die, they may not be thrown into a hole, but may be decently buried in a coffin. Great numbers have been found dead in the streets of Cork, who died of starvation and fever, while waiting for admission to the poor houses and hospitals. There are, perhaps, hundreds of thousands, so far exhausted by inanition, that, according to medical testimony, a single full meal would be likely to cause speedy death. The greatest mortality has been amongst the children, who, of course, had not stamina to withstand the want and suffering they have undergone. Dr. Harvey, a member of the Central Committee, mentioned in Saturday evening's meeting, an estimate to the effect, that one million of the people of Ireland will probably be swept away by famine and fever. This is a blue look-out for us all. After the meeting I felt, and so I suppose did every one else who was there, much like the soldiers of a regiment condemned to decimation. Another of the speakers reported, that in a part of the county of Waterford, the tenantry were unable to cultivate their little pieces of ground, or to pay their rent; and their landlord, who wished to get rid of them, offered each of them a sum of money on condition of his giving up possession of his ground, throwing down his cabin, and removing to some other part of the country. They did so, and retired to the seaport town of Dungarvan. The people of Dungarvan had a very large pauper population of their own to support, and it was quite out of their power to maintain this invasion from the mountains. The Friend who mentioned the circumstance, stated that at the time of his recent visit to the town, the poor homeless people, having spent the money the landlord had given them, were lying about under open sheds, helpless, homeless, and starving. The Ladies' Committee, for the relief of the poor, were doling out their aid to the poor of the town, but the contributors refused to allow the immigrants to get a share, lest, by being encouraged to remain in the town, they should obtain a settlement, and become a permanent charge upon them. For I should tell you that a new Poor Law has just been enacted for Ireland, by which, under certain conditions and limitations, the able-bodied labourer will be entitled to out-door relief in the district to which he belongs. The result of this act, will be an enormous increase of taxation upon the farmers, shopkeepers, and manufacturers—in fact, upon all the industrious and productive classes. You may form some idea of what this burden is likely to be, when I tell you, that at the very lowest computation, three of the eight millions of our population, are helpless paupers.

One of the Secretaries of the Central Committee stated that in one locality, it was estimated that the Poor Law tax, for three months, would be equal to one-half the annual rental—and if this tax continued in the same proportion for twelve months, a man who paid sixty pounds a year rent for his houses or lands, would be subject to a claim of double that sum for the maintenance of the poor. Such a process of depletion as this, it is clear, would very speedily increase the three millions of paupers to eight. We would then be in the enjoyment of equality, as shirtless, and anti-aristocratic, as the most fanatical *sans cullotte* could desire. It was the general opinion of the speakers, that it is quite unlikely this law can be carried out, even although it should prove to be much less oppressive than a claim of 200 per cent. on the rent. During the last year, the landlords had received only a small portion of their rents, the farmers have been heavy losers by the blast of the potatoes, and the great failure of the oat crop. The cottiers and small holders have been reduced to absolute pauperism by the loss of their potatoes—and so universal is the suffering likely to be, that this is the most unfortunate time that could have been chosen for the imposition of such a tax upon so poor a people.

The newspaper press of Ireland, is deplorably factious and perverted by party influences. When the Conservative wishes to blacken the Repealer, or the Repealer the Conservative, you cannot believe a word that either of them say. Everything is represented through a party medium, and no reliance can be placed upon their statements or deductions. I was therefore glad to have an opportunity of hearing the opinions of a number of sensible, practical, conscientious men, respecting the feasibility of the new Poor Law, which is actually striking terror into the hearts of most of the Irish people, who are sufficiently raised above the condition of paupers to have anything to lose. Indeed I think it likely, that besides the vast emigration of the more comfortable farmers, and of the poor, who are assisted by their friends in America, to cross the Atlantic, you will be likely, before long, to have numbers of the middle classes taking refuge amongst you, with whatever portion of their property they can save from the avalanche of poverty, disease, and taxation, that threatens to swallow us up. A prosperous merchant, with whom I had some talk on the subject, remarked that he thought that all who were not worth more than fifty thousand dollars, would do well to emigrate. If all such take his advice, I will certainly be with you one of these days, with all my *impedimenta*—so keep a sharp look out for me, whenever you hear of a fresh arrival of Hibernian Goths and Vandals. Jokes apart, there seems every probability of an immense accession to "the Irish Party" in the United States. So vast is the emigration, that if it continues much longer, what with the millions of African descent, and the millions more of better origin, a man will shortly need a lantern to help him to discover a "native American."

It may be very naturally asked, if the state of Ireland be so deplorable as you represent it, what is the use of our endeavouring to assist you. If the money and provisions that have been sent with such lavish munificence from all parts of the United States, have no more power to prevent famine and pestilence from devouring their thousands and tens of thousands, than a drop of water to quench a devouring flame, we may as well give you up in despair, and leave you to your fate. When some such idea was expressed in yesterday's meeting, it was answered that although the facts of the case are undeniable as to the increasing destitution and misery, yet it is equally true that a vast deal of good has been done, and an immensity of suffering prevented by means of the bounty so liberally bestowed by England and America. In some single parishes many thousands of lives have been saved by this timely relief. Of course, only a small share of the bounty bestowed, has passed through the hands of the Central Committee of Friends, but some idea of the extent of it may be formed, when I tell you that from England they have been entrusted with about $100,000 in money, and a vast quantity of clothes—whilst by the United States, they have been made the almoners of $65,000 in money, and upwards of $200,000 worth of provisions. A strong sense of this munificence was expressed by yesterday's meeting, and an earnest desire to justify the confidence placed in them. It was truly characterized as the most remarkable manifestation of national sympathy that the world has ever seen. Of course it is not in my power, or in that of any one else, to analyze the motives of the donors; but allowing for the existence of a little political calculation in the minds of some of your public men, and of a feeling of contemptuous charity as the main motive of the donations of others, there can be no doubt that a vast proportion of your gifts are the result of sympathy and brotherly kindness; and that it is a remarkable proof of the interchange of good offices which would take place among nations, if their friendly intercourse were not disturbed by intriguing rulers and selfish politicians.

But the question may also be asked, how does it happen that such vast munificence, both at home and abroad, is powerless, effectually to stem the progress of the evil. The answer is very plain. We will suppose that the $400,000 in money and provisions, which have been entrusted to the Friends' Committee, is only one-fifth part of the whole amount remitted to Ireland, or collected here for the relief of Irish distress, and that the whole sum would amount to two millions of dollars in voluntary contributions, besides about fifty millions expended by the imperial treasury in works mainly undertaken for the employment and support of the destitute poor. Well, this sum of fifty-two millions of dollars, or about ten millions of pounds sterling, it has been calculated is not within twenty millions of pounds of the actual loss to the nation in the potato and oat crops—not that the money value of their crops were so great, in pounds, shillings and pence, but that it would take upwards of thirty millions sterling in freight and charges of conveyance, besides purchase money, to replace the food we have lost by an equivalent quantity of other provisions. All the cargoes remitted to Friends, are handed over by them to Government, who pay the freight, store them, and defray all charges, and then supply any species of food that may be considered most suitable to the orders of the Committee. Rice is sent to the distressed districts in large quantities. It is given by the Government for an equivalent in provisions received from America and elsewhere. It is given out to the people ready cooked, and is considered the most wholesome and *medical* of any for the poor creatures, whose whole system has been shattered and emaciated, and rendered liable to the ravages of fevers and dysentery from the want of wholesome and sufficient food. It was also stated that wonderful patience has been exhibited by the suffering poor, and that whilst upwards of 20,000 barrels of Indian corn and other provisions has been conveyed through the country, the instances of plunder attempted or perpetrated have been extremely rare. The most sufferering are the most patient—and wherever a tendency to riot or turbulence has been apparent, it has generally been found that the guilty parties were by no means in a very suffering condition. One good effect of all this suffering was remarked upon. It was this, that the party spirit and furious animosity which prevailed in most parts of the country, between the Protestant and the Catholic, the Repealer and the Conservative, have very much given way, and that all parties labour together in good faith and good feeling for the relief of the poor and the amelioration of their distress.

Now I think you have a pretty full and faithful report of one of the most painfully interesting meetings I ever attended. Much difference of opinion prevails, I know, among my friends in America, as to the propriety of your efforts being much directed to the state of our starving poor—but to such as feel it their duty to aid, these details cannot but be interesting. I esteem no cause nobler, holier, or more catholic in its reformatory tendencies, than the Anti-Slavery cause. Therefore I love it, and I hope will ever labour in my small measure for its promotion; but I know that the heartiest and most devoted love for it does not lessen, but renders warmer our emotions of tenderness and compassion for the poor sufferers in this country—who, whatever may have been the faults of their forefathers, or of the Government in former times, are now afflicted through no fault of their own, or of our present rulers, who, I sincerely believe, are doing all that lies in their power for the amelioration of their distress and the elevation of the condition of this country. I send you two copies of the Daily News, one of the 28th, the other of the 29th of April. The first contains a review of the Life of a Slave, worthy of the darkest corner of the refuge of oppression, or of your pro-slavery columns—put it in. It shows how American toleration is taking root here. The other contains some horrible details respecting the state of Slavery in the French colonies, as revealed in the Chamber of Deputies. The one article is a striking commentary on the cool-blooded philosophy and the damnable religion of the other.

Ever yours, in a terrible scramble for the mail,

RICH'D. D. WEBB.

Notes on New Books.

Omoo: A Narrative of Adventures in the South Seas By Herman Melville, author of Typee. New-York: Harper & Brothers: 1847.

Typee proved the most successful hit in book-making, since the publication of Stephens's first book of Travels. An English critic said it was "Yankee all over." By which he meant that it was entirely new, fresh, and devil-may-care; free from the dry, stale, and wearisome conventionalities of trained literature. It was a book of itself, not made up of pickings from other books, but from the personal observations and individualities of the author. This was enough to insure it popularity; but, in addition to this, it opened to the reading world views of a new existence, more novel and startling than any of the revelations of Swedenborg, in his "Heaven and Hell." In truth, Typee resolved "the great problem of theage," and proved that happiness was not only possible without the aid of pastry cooks, lawyers, tailors, and clergymen, but that men could be happier without these excrescences of civilization than with them. It proved another important fact, the most important of all facts for Americans, that Slavery is not, as Charles J. Ingersoll told Mrs. Maury, indigenous to the tropics, and, like mosquitoes, always most troublesome when the weather is hottest. It is true that the Typees eat their enemies, but then they do not eat them alive; they have the humanity to wait until their victims are dead before they begin to feast upon them. Here, we reverse the rule, and feed on each other while living. One dead enemy was sufficient to feast a whole tribe of Typees; but with us, a hundred slaves hardly suffice to furnish food for one Southern family. The Typee crunches the tendons and muscles of his dead enemy between his molars, but inflicts no pain upon him; but with us, the Calhouns, Clays, and Polks, feed daily upon the sweat, the tears, the groans, the anguished hearts and despairing sighs, of living men and women; they do not eat the insensible flesh of their dead slaves, but they lacerate it when alive with whips, and cauterise it with hot branding-irons. We would advise our readers who are sick at heart, from reading the daily reports of the murders committed by our army in Mexico; or of the inhuman cruelties of our slaveholders at the South; or of the daily outrages upon the rights of humanity practised by Christian judges and lawyers in our Halls of Justice, to turn for relief to the amiable savages of Typee, whose greatest cruelty consists in devouring the body of an enemy who has been killed in a hand-to-hand scuffle.

Omoo is a continuation of the author's adventures in the Pacific, after he escaped from the valley of the Typees. It is written in the same free and jocular style as Typee, but it contains nothing so purely novel as some of the scenes recorded in that pleasant and bewitching volume. The sketches of sea-life and character, are very lively and accurate, and the insight which it gives of the state of society in the half-Christianized islands of the Pacific, entertaining and instructive. Mr. Melville has had the misfortune to encounter the same kind of doubters, who attempted to discredit the narratives of Bruce, but we have found nothing in his volumes that contradicts or transcends the many oral and written accounts we have received from travellers in that part of the world which he visited.

Besides the above original work, the Harpers have this week published the second volume of the cheap edition of the Life and Writings of Washington, by Jared Sparks; and a new and handsome edition, in two volumes, of Paley's Natural Theology, edited by Elisha Bartlette, M. D.—B.

The Heroines of Shakspeare.—Wiley & Putnam have just published Charles Heath's portrait gallery of the Heroines of Shakspeare, accompanied by Mrs. Jamieson's "characteristics," in superb style. The "characteristics" form a commentary upon Shakspeare very acceptable to a certain class of his readers; and the portraits will be a grateful present to every lover of Shakspeare, as well as to all who admire delicacy of finish, softness, and gentle beauty in art. The "Heroines" are heads of beautiful women, engraved in a style of art peculiarly adapted to such subjects, and in some cases, as in the head of Lady Macbeth, is capable of great strength of expression.

To Correspondents.

R. D. W. They have arrived, and measures taken to render them every possible assistance.

H. W. W. His favours are very acceptable, and we trust will be continued. He shall hear from us soon.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry:* Farewell to Frederick Douglass; Be Patient, Poor Ones of Our Land; The Vices of States. *Miscellany:* Toussaint, (continued); How They Manage Matters in the Model Republic, (concluded); Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

FIRST PAGE.—*Selections:* The Spirit of the New York Press; Reception of Frederick Douglass by the Coloured People; Letter from S. C. Phillips: From Hayti. *Communications:* Letter from Rev. Mr. Page.

SECOND PAGE.—The True Wesleyan; O. Scott, *vs.* J. W. Walker.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Later from Mexico.

A telegraphic despatch has been received, but too late to be given in full, to the effect, that Gen. Worth had probably entered Puebla without opposition, and that Gen. Scott was advancing on the city of Mexico with 6,000 troops; that Gen. Shields, who was wounded at Cerro Gordo, had recovered. That Santa Anna was at Orizaba, about to move in the direction of Vera Cruz with 4,000 troops. That great confusion and anarchy reigned at the Capital, and the priests were giving up the church bells to be cast into cannon, &c.

From the City of Mexico.

We yesterday had the pleasure of a conversation with Mr. Black, late American Consul at the city of Mexico, who left there on the 3d of April, and arrived yesterday from Tampico.

Mr. Black, on the 31st of March, after the arrival of Santa Anna from Buena Vista, received an order through the Governor to quit the capital immediately.

Mr. Black succeeded in getting ready to leave in a day or two, and in having the archives of the Legation packed, which he brought with him, and demanded an escort, which was at first refused.

A variety of petty artifices were resorted to to entrap him into a position that would afford a pretext for his arrest and imprisonment; but, finding them fruitless, he was granted an escort and left the city on the evening of the 3d of April.

From Mr. Black we have learned much that is interesting and important in relation to the state of affairs in the capital.

The sincere Federalists, both moderate and ultra, are the most urgent for the prosecuting of the war; not because of a feeling of hostility to the United States, for they desire, if there is no other means of establishing their system of Government, a union with the United States; but because they wish the whole race of military tyrants exterminated, and to destroy thoroughly the basis of their power they look to the continuance of the war and the annihilation of the army.

Many men of property, not belonging to this party, and a number of the priesthood, feeling the utter hopelessness of success in contending with our armies, are also looking to the subjugation of the country as the only means of restoring tranquillity and securing them in their possession.

Mr. Black confirms the report that many of the Mexicans suspect Santa Anna of treachery, and the clergy and the people, poor and rich, are murmuring against exactions to support a war which has resulted in nothing but disasters to the country.

The country is without arms, there being scarcely anything left to them, since their recent defeats, but old and almost useless small arms and very few cannon.—Mr. Black, for this reason, holds the idea of any resistance of consequence to Gen. Scott's march upon the capital as preposterous.

Santa Anna is already nearly reduced to the position the Federalists wish him in, being left but a guerrilla party to operate with, and whether he ever sought peace or not, he cannot now be expected to make an attempt at bringing it about, while a hope remains to him of being able to recover the ground he has lost.

When Mr. Black left, affairs were in such a state of confusion that no idea could be formed of what might take place within twenty-four hours, but the Government had determined upon removing to Lagos, about one hundred leagues from the capital, whenever our army reached its vicinity.

There is but little means of resistance at the capital. When Mr. Black left there was not over half a dozen pieces of artillery there, and knowing of no source whence sufficient ordnance can be obtained, he is of opinion that a defence will not be attempted.

We regret to learn that Major Gaines and Berland and Capt. Clay and the other prisoners taken at Encarnacion, notwithstanding Santa Anna's engagement to release them when prisoners were exchanged after the battle of Buena Vista, are closely confined and their wants neglected.

Even La Vega, who was treated with so much respect and consideration in this city, turned a deaf ear to their complaints when military commandant in the city of Mexico.

General Items.

The Calculating Negro.—This extraordinary boy, of whom such wonderful accounts have been published in the newspapers, is now in this city. We have seen his powers of calculation tested, and find all the accounts of them verified. The exhibition of his singular faculty excites the greatest astonishment. It appears like something miraculous. It fully realizes all that we have ever heard and read of wonderful instances of mathematical intuition.

This boy has been brought to our city, by Mr. Bruce, formerly a member of the Kentucky Legislature, who will exhibit him at the Apollo rooms to-day, from 10 o'clock till 12; from 3 till 5, and after candle-light. Visiters will be invited to put whatever question they please.

The boy is about twenty years old, and, in regard to everything but mathematics, he seems almost idiotic. He has no idea of the other sciences, and in regard to politic he knows no more than the editor of the———*Louisville Journal.*

Kidnapping.—Mr. A. H. Ernst states in the Cincinnati Herald an outrageous case of attempted kidnapping near his residence, close by the city, on Sabbath evening. A neighbour of his, a free coloured man, was set upon while returning home from the city, and but for his cries, which brought a rescue, would doubtless have been carried away captive. The kidnappers fled.

General Taylor has been made a "Life member of the Western Home Mission Society."

Between us and William street, by the way, may be seen in the window of a religious bookstore, a portrait of our literary friend, Rufus Griswold, offered for sale as a likeness of Dickens, with a facsimile of Dickens's signature written beneath it!. We had seen this for some time, when, chancing to have an idle moment, we went in and inquired of the saintly bibliopole if that was a portrait of Dickens? "Yes, Sir." "But it was engraved as a portrait of Mr. Griswold." "Oh, was it? Well, I bought a lot on 'em at auction, for picters!" "But, the autograph of Dickens underneath?" "Oh, I wrote that, myself!" The fun of the matter is, that, spite of our information as to who the portrait was painted for, it *still hangs* in the window as Dickens's likeness, with Dickens's autograph written beneath it! This "fib in the way of trade" does not look very well in "The General Synod's Sunday School Union."

Home Journal.

Friends' Yearly Meeting.—The New-York Yearly Meeting of Friends is now in session in this city. An address from the Ohio Yearly Meeting on Slavery was presented and read, but a large majority were in favour of taking no farther action upon it. The address is spoken of as a good one, and as more thorough than former documents from that source.

In 1711, a *slave-market* was established in Wall-street.

A negro slave recently died from "superficial sloughing of his wounds through excessive flaggellation."

Married,

At a meeting of the Anti-Slavery Sewing Circle, at the residence of William Stedman, in Randolph, Ohio, on the 5th instant, by Rev. Mr. Gardner, JOHN ROBINSON and HARRIET PHILLIPS, both late from Virginia, and fugitives from Slavery.

In Cincinnati, on the 29th of March, by the Rev. S. G. W. Rankin, Mr. JOHN S. RANKIN, son of Rev. John Rankin, of Ripley, Ohio, to Miss MARY ANN HAY, of Sardinia.

Died,

In Westport 11th inst. Rev. CALEB BLAKE, aged 83, a graduate of Harvard University in 1784, and a settled minister in Westport for 45 years.

In Roxbury, May 13, ELIZABETH LINCOLN, daughter of Epes Sargent, Esq, aged 17.

On Third-day morning, the 18th instant, ESTHER E. daughter of George and Jane Peterson, in the 27th year of her age.

On the 5th inst. at his residence in Upper Darby, Delaware county, JOHN SELLERS, in the 85th year of his age.

NOTICES.

WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

Contributions for this Fair to aid the band of noble women whose names are attached to the call published in the Standard, to get up one worthy of the occasion, and of the cause, can be left at the Anti-Slavery offices in Boston, New-York, and Philadelphia. Packages forwarded to the West should be directed to J. E. Jones, Salem, Columbiana county, Ohio, and if sent by the northern route, which is the best one, they should be marked (care of Charles Bradburn, Cleveland, Ohio,) or if by the southern route, (care of J. M. McKim, No. 31, North 5th street, Philadelphia.) And in all instances they should be on the way West by the 15th of July.

SAMUEL BROOKE,
General Agent.

NOTICE.

WARD, DOUGLASS, & REMOND. HO! WESTERN NRW-YORK!!!

I have the pleasure of announcing to the people of Western New-York, that the distinguished advocates of the rights of universal man, whose names stand at the head of this notice, have consented to be at CANANDAIGUA, on Sunday and Monday, August one and two, to lecture on American Slavery, Sunday afternoon and evening, and to participate on Monday in the celebration of the Anniversary of West India Emancipation. Come up, men, women, and children, on this glorious occasion' and get good.

J. C. HATHAWAY.

COMING WEST.

Our friends in the West will be rejoiced to hear, that (accidents not preventing) Wm. Lloyd Garrison and James N. Buffum will be at the anniversary meeting of the Western Anti-Slavery Society in August, and remain in the West a few weeks.

Parker Pillsbury hopes to attend a first of August meeting in Ohio, and remain some time with us; and Frederick Douglass, in company with Charles Lenox Remond, will attend the anniversary, and visit several other places before they return.

SAMUEL BROOKE, *Gen. Agt.*

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CHESTER COUNTY ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the Chester County Anti-Slavery Society will be held at Cochranville, on Friday and Saturday, the 28th and 29th instant, first session to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M. It is hoped that a large representation of the tried and true friends of the slave from all parts of the county will be present; and that each will endeavour to induce one honest-minded individual, not heretofore active in the cause of the slave, to come and be a partaker in our annual council;—that we may not only be renewed in hope and vigour for the coming year, by the sympathy and cheer of one another, but haply may elicit the aid of others to help in the *work* of the time coming.

A season has been selected when the farmers will neither be engaged with the plough nor the scythe, and their time can well be devoted to the culture of the moral field, where *man* is the soil, truth the plough, love the seed, and liberty the harvest. Is there any reason why this should not be the largest meeting ever held by this Society?

"They must *upward* still and *onward*,
Who would keep abreast of truth."

EDWIN FUSSELL, *Cor. Sec'y.*

WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

It is proposed to hold a Fair, to aid the cause of emancipation, at the time and place of the next anniversary of the Western Anti-Slavery Society; and the object of this circular is to invite all, to assist in preparing for that occasion, who are the foes of oppression—who desire that our country shall be redeemed from the rule of tyrants—who wish to break the yoke of the captive, and to repel the aggressions which Slavery is making upon our own rights. Whether the contributions shall be worthy of the cause—worthy the high professions of those who stand forth as the friends of liberty, may greatly depend, reader, upon your efforts. Are you willing to contribute of your abundance or your penury? are you willing to stimulate others to do good works, and unite with them to bring your neighbourhood offering, and lay it upon the altar of humanity? If you have neither silver nor gold, are you willing to consecrate a portion of what you *do* possess to this cause? Let the farmer and his wife bring grain and wool, brooms and baskets, cloth, and other manufactured articles—let the dairy-maid come with her cheese and butter, and the miller with his flour—let the hatter and tinner, the saddler and shoemaker, present such needful things as their several handicrafts can furnish—let the merchant contribute liberally of his stock, and those who are skilful with the needle, bring such useful and fancy articles as their ingenuity may devise.

The proceeds of this Fair will be appropriated to the support of the Anti-Slavery movement in the West, either by placing them at the disposal of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, or applying them, by direction of the donors, to some branch of this reform, in harmony with the views of that society.

The cause for which we ask you to labour is one which is fraught with the deepest interest to millions of our race—it meets with favour from the virtuous and the good, and is approved by the Father of the oppressed. We affectionately invite you to share the toil and the reward of this work—we appeal to you in the name of MAN, robbed and outraged—we ask you to be true to the instincts of your better nature, and to prove by your actions that you appreciate the blessings of liberty and the safe-guards of virtue.

Betsey M. Cowles, Austinburg,
Lydia Irish, New Lisbon,
Jane D. McNealy, Greene,
Mary Donaldson, do.
Matilda S. Howell, Painesville,
Susan Marshall, do.
Maria L. Giddings, Jefferson,
Mercy Lloyd, Lloydsville,
Mary Ann Bronson, Medina,
Phebe Ann Carroll, Ravenna,
Martha J. Tilden, do.
Ruth Dugdale, Green Plain,
Elizabeth Borton, Selma,
Maria Whitmore, Andover,
Sarepta Brown, New Lyme,
Eliza Cowles, Geneva,
Zilpah Barnaby, Mt. Union,
Harriet N. Torrey, Parkman,
Elizabeth A. Stedman, Randolph,
Cordelia Smalley do.
Elizabeth Butterworth Hopkinsville,
Ann Walker, Leesville,
Mary Griswold, New Garden,
Eliza Holmes, Columbiana,
Leah Voglesong, do.
Anna C. Fuller, Brooklyn,
Cornelia R. Cowles, Buffalo, N. Y.
Laura Barnaby, Salem,
J. Elizabeth Jones. do,

FAIR COMMITTEE.

At a meeting of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society, held March 11th, 1847, the following persons were appointed a Committee on the Fair, to be held at the close of the year:

Mary T. Stickney,	Margaretta Forten,
Anna M. Hopper,	Mary Grew,
Emma Parker,	Mary Shaw,
A. Matilda Cassey,	Esther Reckless,
Janette Jackson,	Sarah Pugh,
Maria M. Davis,	Clementine Green,
Margaret Griscom,	Elizabeth Carman,
Martha Carman,	Sarah M. Douglass,
Harriet D. Purvis,	Esther Hogeland,
Hannah L. Stickney,	Esther Burr,
Emily Winslow,	Lydia Gillingham,
Theresa K. Hallowell,	Sarah L. Child,
Paulina S. Wright,	Gertrude K. Burleigh,
Sarah A. McKim,	Huldah Justice,
Eliza J. Bias,	Margaret Jones.

NEW MUSIC.—"There's a Good Time Coming." The above popular Song, also, "He Doeth All Things Well," Mother's Bible, Excelsior, Away Down East, May Queen, Old Granite State, Pauper's Funeral, and Lament of the Prisoner, Bridge of Sighs, Burial of Mrs. Judson, Think Gently of the Erring, (composed by a prisoner,) Get off the Track, Drink from the Mountain Spring, Dear Father Drink no More, Grave of Bonaparte, Spider and the Fly, The Shepherd's Cottage, (with a likeness of Abby J. Hutchinson,) The Seasons, a Farmer's Song, Song of the Shirt, The Watcher, Little Maid, Humbugged Husband, Blind Boy, Anti-Calomel, Will You Come to My Mountain Home, Lament of the Irish Emigrant, Hebrew Maiden's Lament, Are We Almost There, Blue Juniatta, Indian Hunter, Glide on my Light Canoe, Man the Life Boat. All the songs, quartetts, glees, &c. of the Hutchinson Family, and other popular singers; also a full assortment of marches, waltzes, rondos, variations, &c.; music for the guitar, flute, &c.; instruction books for piano, flute, guitar, accordion, violin, tuning forks, Church music books, Bradbury's Floral Festival, Young Melodist, Young Choir, School Singer and Social Singing Books. Piano Fortes from $150 to $400, Coleman's Æolian attachment, &c. &c. &c.

CHARLES HOLT, Jr. Music Publisher
156 Fulton street, 2d door E. of Broadway.
May 8, 1847.—1y. is.

Free Labour Dry Goods & Groceries.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

FRESH and new goods just received, consisting in part of shirting and sheeting muslin, bleached and brown; Manchester ginghams of superior quality, various style.
2d quality do. assorted patterns.
Calico, do. do.
Colored cambries and Canton flannel, assorted colors.
Bleached and brown do. do. and table diaper.
Colored table-cloths, imitation of linen.
Cotton hdkfs. assorted styles.
Long and half hose, superior and heavy.
Apron and furniture check.
Cotton twilled pantaloon stuff.
Knitting cotton, various Nos.

Poetry.

From Howitt's Journal for April.

FAREWELL TO FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

Who Sailed from England for America, April 4th, 1847, Easter Sunday.

Blessings be with thee, Freedom's noble Son!
Thou leav'st thy Fatherland of Liberty,
Where thou hast dwelt as man should dwell with man,
To seek the cruel Stepdame's blood-stained soil,
Who gave thee for thy birthright stripes and chains,
Nor granted thee, secure, to tread her shores,
Until was paid a paltry sum of gold,
To stamp the patent of nobility
Which God's own hand had set upon thy brow!—
—Farewell! Thou 'rt armed with a rich panoply
Of sympathy and love from English hearts,
And prayers that rise to heaven in thy behalf.
With this thou wilt not feel the darts of scorn,
Arrows from lying lips, weapons of rage,
That will assail thee. Nobly thou wilt stand.
To fight the battles of thy injured race,
Armed with the Christian's weapons, Faith and Hope.
Go forth, our friend and brother! Cry aloud,
And with a voice America *must* hear,
Tell her of all her huge iniquity,
And bid her loose the bands of wickedness,*
Set her oppress'd ones free, break every yoke,—
Ere, without mockery she can keep her fasts,
Or raise to heaven a pure and holy prayer.
And comfort thou thy people, for the Lord
Will, in His own good time, be glorified;—
They that delighted in their evil ways,†
That cast you out from men, that set their feet
Upon your neck, and e'en blasphemed the name
Of the Most High, to cover o'er their sin:—
Their fears shall come upon them, and their shame
Shall sink them in the dust, beneath the glance
Of the offended nations. Still hope on,
For Christ must yet subdue his enemies.

This day the churches ring the gladsome sound,
"The Lord of Life is risen!" He died to save
The world from its iniquity;—he rose,
That, in sure prospect of immortal life,
We might be new in spirit. Come the day,
When a pure light shall beam upon thy race,
E'en from the rising Saviour;—when the Sun
Of Righteousness shall melt their heavy chains,
When, with hearts full of joy and thankfulness,
Forgiving their oppressors, they shall join
The severed links of Nature's holy ties,
And taste the bliss of Heaven, while yet on earth!
Oh, may'st thou see that day; and may the gifts
In mercy sent thee, of rich eloquence,
A fervent, thankful heart, warm, earnest zeal,
That no repulse can cool, and patient trust
In the subduing power of truth and love,
Hasten its glorious coming!—Thus, farewell!

BRISTOL. M. C.

*Isaiah lviii. †Isaiah lxvi.

From Howitt's Journal.

BE PATIENT, POOR ONES OF OUR LAND.

BY MRS. VALENTINE BARTHOLOMEW.

No more despair! your mournful voice
Has raised a mighty band,
Whose spirits are abroad:—rejoice,
Ye poor ones of our land!
Great hearts are beating in your cause—
Be patient, and be still;
Obey, not brave, your country's laws—
God works out good from ill;
It is his doom, the *few* should be
Martyrs, to make the MANY free.

Bear yet awhile the piercing cold;
The pains with hunger fraught:
Before the young year hath grown old
Great wonders may be wrought.
Then struggle on, though famine fling
Her victims at your feet:
The driest desert has its spring,
The brier its blossoms sweet;
And clouds, though dark to human view,
Hide not for long the sky's clear blue.

THE VICES OF STATES.

BY LORD BROOKE.

* * * * *

For vices soon to heights and periods rise,
Have both their childhood, state, and declination,
Are sometimes current, but at no time wise,
Like blazing stars they burn their own foundation,
Or shadows which the shew of bodies have,
And in self-darkness both a life and grave.

Whence it proceeds, that all the works of error
Live not in state of health, but sick and cured,
Change carrying out excess, to bring in terror,
Never securing, but to be secured,
But physic-like in new diseases bred,
Either subtracts or adds till all be dead.

Thus rose all States, thus grew they, thus they fell,
From good to ill, and so from ill to worse,
Time for her due vicissitudes doth call,
Errors still carrying in itself its curse;
Yet let this light out of these clouds break forth,
That power hath no long being but in worth.

Miscellany.

TOUSSAINT:

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

(From an unpublished Translation from the German of Theodore Mügge.)

CHAPTER VII.—[CONCLUDED]

"You shall be satisfied," said Bertrand, nodding mysteriously to the negro. "Look here at this paper. As soon as we get her into this circle, she can't get out. This is the macrocosmus, this, Cerberus, watching the circle of life, this creature here is Venus, the mother of all fools."

To jargon of this sort, Romaine returned only a stupid stare of wonder and awe. Taking the Doctor's hand, he said: "Massa, help poor Romaine. He has plenty of gold. He'll make Massa rich."

"You crafty devil!" muttered the Doctor to himself, folding up the paper, "so you have learnt the European way. In all their great cities some lovely creatures are slaughtered annually to the great Fetisch for gold, why should a mulatto woman fare differently?"

Romaine then led him to the back part of the hut. "I will lead you to her, but will your charm take?"

"Take!" said the Doctor, "one must see first. Let me see the silly creature that refuses a man like you."

The negro took a light, made of the coarse fibres of the banana dipped in grease, and, raising the mat, exposed a passage into the rock. Upon his calling the old negress, she appeared. "She is self-willed said the latter, "she will not see you nor any one. And now she sleeps."

"Did you tell her a white man is here?" inquired Romaine.

"I told her all," was the reply; "but she will not hear me."

"But she shall see him," exclaimed the negro, "Lead him to her, and let her know Romaine has got a knife for her tongue."

The woman took the light and went on before the Doctor, Romaine stepping softly behind and whispering over his threats and promises. A shudder came over the bold spirit of Bertrand, the passage seemed so long and gloomy. Presently, however, the passage widened, and soon Bertrand found himself in a large subterranean cave. From this cave they passed into a hut resembling that they had left. The storm could now be heard. The old woman pulled the Doctor by the arm, and pointing to a corner where some mats appeared to form a place of repose, she said in a whisper, "There, Massa, speak to her, she will listen. Toussaint Breda is Mirmah's friend, his friend is her friend," and she put her finger on her lips, casting a wild look towards the rustling mat at the entrance behind which Romaine had posted himself.

Giving a sign of acquiescence, Bertrand took the light and approached the couch, where he discovered a female apparently asleep. He stooped down and felt her pulse which beat with feverish violence. "I am not asleep," she whispered, "but the loathsome slave is at the door,—we must deceive him. I know what he expects of you. Mirmah has told me all. By the Saviour to whom we pray, save me with yourself. There is no outlet, but that through which you entered."

"Read this paper," whispered he, flourishing it strangely over her head like a charm. Luckily he had to do with a person as quick-witted as himself, and his plan was instantly surmised. Shortly she raised her hand, and taking hold of the paper, read the lines with eager haste. The hope of deliverance illuminated her features. Then raising herself, she put the paper to her forehead, and then hid it near her heart.

"What has come over me?" she exclaimed, "how could I have been so blind? Where is my friend? Where is Romaine, the favourite of the Holy Virgin? I adore him."

All her former vivacity and quickness revived, as the enamoured black darted forward and fell on his knees before her. She drove him almost wild with delight, as she laid her hand caressingly upon his woolly head, which she handled pretty roughly too. "My black Apollo," she cried, laughingly, "whether dog or saint, you must be mine. But stop—I am a Christian woman. Let us find a priest to-morrow to bless our union, and then I will be yours,—but away from this place, from the Obi and these hateful Congoes.

Romaine was in raptures, but a glimmer of reason made him still a little distrustful. He looked sharply at the two, as he said: "Good, my Queen, Romaine hears you, but follow him to his friends, the Obi and all, let them see and hear."

"To be sure," exclaimed Bertrand, "and how Hiagin will rave! How we shall enjoy it!" And when, at a hint from the Doctor, the lady showed herself ready to go, and took, Romaine's hand, all his distrust vanished. He exhausted himself in all sorts of extravagant protestations. He pulled forth a purse of gold, insisting she should take it; and as a sort of excuse for the past, inquired whether she had wanted for anything."

"Oh no!" said she. "You have indulged all my caprices. I wanted only liberty. You have given me fine clothes. You must have a great deal hidden away in these clefts, we will examine them by and by. But now to the Obi—off with the idolater, and then for our bridal.

They now returned to the first hut, where all remained just as Bertrand had left it. "Hiagin," cried the Doctor, "you snake-king, take my advice and sacrifice yourself to the great Fetisch. You 'll get nothing here, neither me, nor this woman, who loves the great prophet most heartily."

The Priest rose, and cast a searching look upon Romaine, which the latter evidently tried to evade. "Traitor!" exclaimed Hiagin, "so they have deceived you, these false whites, and you are fool enough to trust them! This woman, I see it, is devising evil, and the lie is manifest in the crafty look of the old Massa. I denounce the wrath of the gods on thee. Death is at your side. Hiagin hates you. His curse brings woe."

He went slowly out, followed by several of the negroes. Romaine was the first to shake off the startling impression of his words. Ejaculating an oath, he seized a hatchet and rushed towards the door. But commanding himself, he sent out a few of his companions, bidding them bring back the Obi dead or alive.

The negroes obeyed, and Romaine soon forgot his fears. "Hark!" said he, "do you not hear voices approaching? The tornado is over, and my soul is quiet. Hiagin is a bad man. I laugh at his curse. The Holy Virgin will destroy him and his Fetisch."

"Then let us forget the foolish Obi, and be merry," said the Doctor. "Valsain, you monster, where is the basket with the bottles and provisions? I'll make a wedding drink for our black friends, which shall be like manna in the wilderness."

The mention of drink and blacks awakened Valsain to life and activity. He produced a good sized jug, which he handed to the Doctor. "Here, friend Romaine," said Bertrand, here is genuine Rae such as you seldom taste. Toussaint Breda, that good friend of mine, made me a present of it. Try it, M. Romaine, every drop will bring you nearer Paradise."

The hand of the negro was eagerly extended, and as eagerly withdrawn. The little Doctor guessed at what was passing in his mind, and with a loud laugh put the vessel to his own mouth, and took a pretty good draught, and then handed it to Antonina, who, taking the hint from Bertrand, and suppressing her disgust, partook of the fiery liquid, and offered it, with a smile, to Romaine, who readily accepted the bottle. Animated by such a stimulant, he began to run on about his treasures and his plans, and kissing the hands of his fair mistress, laid his head in her lap, while she, despite an inward struggle caressed this second Bluebeard that he might not destroy her. She kept her courage, for she trusted the moment was nigh when she might, with her own hand, free herself forever from the brute. Whatever doubt rested on the issue, the more intense grew her desire for liberty. With feverish anxiety she watched for every chance. Presently the Doctor rose, and calling to his famulus, who was watching the negroes like a faithful dog, now that he expected his master to prepare some mixture for them; "Holla, Valsain, you lazy rogue," he said, "where's the bag with the sugar and the little kettle? Bring it here. Stir up the fire, friend Mirmah, I am going to prepare the bridal cup for worthy Master Romaine, the prophet of the Holy Virgin."

The negress went at once to work, and Romaine laughed with delight as the Doctor proceeded to burn the sugar, and with the help of the Arrac prepare the sweet beverage which, though well-known on the plantations, was there rudely made from the dregs of the sugar cane. The Doctor's glowing description of the drink only made Romaine's thirst for it so much the more keen.

"I should guess, friend Mirmah," said the Doctor, "that you have not always lived in this wild place."

"And why do you guess so?" inquired the woman.

"Because," said Bertrand, "you don't look like it. One can see with half an eye, there's no Congo blood in Mirmah. She knows, I suspect, how things go on in the world, and I wager, she knows the names of all the streets at the Cape."

The woman bowed her head to her knees and groaned. "God has given you power, Massa," said she, "to look into people's hearts. It is as you say. Mirmah knows the Cape well. She was born there. Her father was free, of the Sacatra tribe; her mother was skilled in many things. They were happy. My father carried on a little trade in handkerchiefs, rings, buttons, and playthings which charm the silly blacks. I helped him drag his little cart, and though I was free, I mourned over the lot of my people. When I grew up, my mother taught me her art. She was known far and wide, and they sent for her from all distance when the massas' children were to be born. My mother was a wise woman and well received. When she died, I knew everybody. Then I used to see Toussaint, at Breda, and when he came to the Cape with his horses, he used to come and see Mirmah, and eat of my cakes, and he took little else except bananas and a drink of water. He was wise, and Mirmah listened to his voice."

She paused and again bowed her old head. The Doctor went on stirring the mixture. "Mirmah grew old," the negress resumed, "her hair was no longer black, her skin was wrinkled, but her heart never grew old. She often thought over what Toussaint Breda said. She saw her brethren wretched and beaten, and when a black child was born, she shed burning tears over it. She could not bless it, for a curse lay upon its life. It was a slave, made for sufferings without number, and when the overseer took the child, and his sharp knife cut the three marks upon the baby's cheek, she wiped away the blood with her tears and prayed the great God to take the child away. But God did not hear. You too," she cried, "would have wept and cursed the whites, if you had seen how they took the children from their mothers and carried them to the slave-market, how they parted husbands and wives, and joined them to others that there might be more slaves, how the black man was tormented. Then Mirmah said to herself 'cursed be this hand that helps to bring so many children into the world only to suffer and perish as slaves. Miserable woman that I am! Do I not see my brethren tortured? Are they not all treated like brutes. Of what value to them is a life of torment?' So I thought, and I wept no more when a black child was born. My eyes were opened. I knew what to do."

"Yes," cried Romaine, clapping his hands, "she stung them to death, the black witch, and the Massas were going to burn her."

"I delivered my brethren," exclaimed the woman and her eyes rolled wildly. "Yes, all may hear what Mirmah did. She is not ashamed to tell it. Whenever a black child was born, sound and strong, and I saw it would live and be a slave, I took a pin and forced it into the soft part of the child's scull, and so saved it a whole long life of pain, and sent it to heaven where there are no slaves. Years passed, but no children of white Massas or mulattoes died, but they began to suspect, they watched and find out what I did. How they yelled for revenge. "Confess, woman," cried the judge, "how many have you killed." I took off my girdle and tost it to the white man—'Count for yourself, Massa,' I cried. I had made a knot in my girdle for every child I had set free. They counted hundreds. How they racked their brains to invent tortures for me."

"I think," said Bertrand, "I have heard some such story of a woman, who strangely escaped the day before she was to be executed."

"So the white massas, said," cried Mirmah, scornfully, "because they were ashamed that the chains and walls were not strong enough to keep a black woman. Fifteen years ago there were slaves who were panting for freedom, and who were united with the maroon negroes in the Cibaos. Messengers went about, and Jean Kinou passed three times by the iron grating where I stood, and put his hand to his mouth. I tell not what happened, but when they came to put Mirmah to death, they found the mulatto, who had the keys, lying dead at the door of the cell. Mirmah was gone. The Massas said the devil had taken her, but no one came to ask for the hundred gold pieces offered for Mirmah."

"Hush!" whispered Romaine, raising himself up, "a dog howls in the hollow—Mirmah, did you not hear it? It was a bloodhound."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the Doctor, with a laugh, pouring out some of the drink he had been preparing, "here, take this and forget all care." Romaine, however, seemed hardly to heed him, being wholly absorbed in the act of listening. Availing himself of the opportunity, Bertrand poured a few drops of a dark fluid from a small phial into the drink. "Here, take it," he cried, angrily, "drink in the name of the Holy Virgin. Drink, I say, or you shall not have a drop!"

This appeal had the desired effect. Romaine seized the offered beverage, and swallowed it without breathing. Valsain took the vessel, and filling it again, handed it to the negroes, upon whom he would have forced it, had not the fumes of the liquid rendered all force superfluous. The difficulty was to get it away from them. In the midst of the merriment occasioned by Valsain, who evidently regarded the blacks as his master's patients, Romaine started up, and the noisy topers grew silent; for the hoarse baying of a dog was now distinctly heard.

"To arms! brethren," cried Romaine, "it is the Massas, it is a bloodhound! Where's the sacred box? Save the Holy-Virgin—hide yourselves in the cave." The discharge of a musket was now heard, then another, followed by a yell. Romaine staggered a few steps, vainly clutching at his hatchet, his glassy eyes were fixed on the Doctor. Stammering out a few indistinct words, and with his hands clenched, he fell to the ground in a stupor, his associates shared the same fate. Bertrand stepped coolly among the negroes, who after a few convulsive motions, appeared in a profound sleep, and then with an air of great satisfaction he remarked: "Well, thank Heaven! we are rid of this prophet and his men any how. They'll not have the use of their senses for some twelve hours to come."

"All dead, Massa!" exclaimed Mirmah, who had sate brooding over her thoughts, and who now stared at the sleepers. "Well done, well done, a wicked sorcerer, that Romaine."

"Eh! what!" cried Bertrand, stooping down and putting his hand to the prophet's heart. "This fellow will not die now neither of stupor nor apoplexy, but he'll be broken on the wheel as he deserves. They have only got a little of the Marioca root—capital narcotic,—produces numbness almost instantly—an invention of mine—I give it to the poor devils—saves them a good deal of pain after a dangerous amputation—I wish I had that scamp, that snake-tamer, Hiagin—"

Here he was interrupted by loud cries, the discharge of a musket, and the savage howl of a dog. "Whoever it may be," said Bertrand, pulling out his rusty blade from the case, "take your arms and defend your lives, for we are at an end with our tricks and witchcraft."

"Whoever it is," cried Antonina, trembling with joy, "I am free, I am saved from these wretches. They must be friends, coming to our rescue."

Bertrand seemed not to be of the same opinion, for he sought to secure the door, but started back as the painted figure of the Priest rushed against him, with his veil fluttering in long blood-stained tatters about his head, and his face distorted with agony and rage; and the serpents winding round his neck and breast and hissing fearfully.

It was but a moment. Antonina uttered a loud shriek, as Hiagin darted by her like lightning. A shot struck the door. He staggered, but tearing aside the mat vanished in the cavern. "Save me, good father," cried she, with a faltering voice, completely exhausted. She was about to fall, but was caught in the arms of a man who just then rushed into the hut. He supported her fainting form, and by the flickering light looked into her face and she in his. She shrieked again, but not from fear. She clung convulsively to her preserver, and a gush of tears came to her relief, and with a voice full of affection, she exclaimed—"Petion! yes, I knew it must be you; dear, dear friend, I knew you would find me."

(To be continued.)

From Blackwood's Magazine, for April.

HOW THEY MANAGE MATTERS IN THE MODEL REPUBLIC.

(Concluded.)

Indeed, all the arrangements of Congress favour the influence of the sable goddess. In the first place, the members are paid by the day—eight dollars each. Permit us to observe, Jonathan, that you scarcely display your usual "smartness" here. It would be much better to contract with them by the *scrape*. As for instance—To involving the country in a war with Mexico, so much—To ditto with Gt. Britain, so much more. One year you might lay down a lumping sum for a protective tariff, with an understanding, that it was to be repealed the next at a moderate advance. You would thus insure the greatest possible variety of political catastrophes, with the least possible friction and expense. Again, the furniture of the Capitol is altogether too luxurious. Each member is provided with a private desk, stationery, *ad lib.* a stuffed arm-chair, and a particular spittoon. No wonder, then, that your Simmses and Chipmans are listened to with complacency. It's all in the day's work—it's considered in the wages. While these worthies hold forth for benefit of distant Missouri and Michigan, their colleagues write their letters, read the newspapers, chew tobacco, as little boys do toffy in England, and expectorate at leisure. No one cheers, no one groans, no one cries Oh! Oh!—all the noise that is made is on private account, and not at all personal to the gentleman on his legs. Yet, such is the deceitfulness of the human heart, that the Americans are much given to boast of the dignity and decorum of their Legislature, and to thank God that it is not a bear-garden like another place of the kind that they wot of. We must have been asked at least six times a day during our visit at Washington, "How Congress compared with the British Parliament?" To which we used to reply, "That they did not compare at all," an answer which fully met the truth of the case, without in the least wounding the self-love of the querist.

When these malignant pages arrive in New-York, every inhabitant of that good city will abuse us heartily, except our publisher. But great will be the joy of that furacious individual, as he speculates in secret on the increased demand of his agonized public. Immediately he will put forth an advertisement, notifying the men of "Gotham," that he has on hand a fresh sample of *British Insolence*, and hinting that, although he knows they care nothing about such things, the forthcoming piracy of Maga will be on the most extensive scale. Then all the little newspapers will take us in hand, and bully us in their little way. It is perhaps a shame to forestall the acerbities of these ingenius gentlemen, but we know they will call us "anonymous scribbler," and "bagman," amongst the rest. They called us "bagman," for our last article, and we were sure they would. The fact is, that since Lord Morpeth's visit to the United States, the Americans have taken a very high tone indeed. Their gratitude to that amiable nobleman for not writing a book about them, is unbounded, and they put him down, (why, it is difficult to say,) as the aristocrat, and therefore impartial champion of Demus. Whenever we fell into the billious moods to which our plebeian nature is addicted, we were gravely admonished of his bright example, and assured that to speak evil of the Republic was the infirmity of vulgar minds. There is, it would appear, a sympathy betwixt "great ones;" a kind of free-masonry betwixt the sovereign people and the British peerage, which neither party suspected previously, but which is confessed on the slightest acquaintance.

As generally happens in such cases, the conceit of the Americans takes the most perverse direction. It is certain that they do many things better than any people under the sun. Their merchant navy is the finest in the world—their river steamers are miracles of ingenuity,—at felling timber and packing pork, they are unrivalled; and their smartness in the way of trade is acknowledged by those who know them best. All this, and much more to the same effect, may be admitted without demur; but all these admissions will avail the traveller nothing. He will be expected to congratulate them on the elegance of their manners, the copiousness of their literature, and the refinement of their tastes. He will be confidentially informed that "Lord Morpeth's manners were much improved by mixing with our first circles, Sir;" and what is worse, he will be expected to believe it, and to carry himself accordingly. "Ripe scholars," who make awful false quantities, second-rated demagogues passing for "distinguished statesmen," literary empirics, under the name of "men of power," will claim his suffrages at every turn; and in vain will he draw upon his politeness to the utmost, in vain assent, ejaculate, and admire—no amount of positive praise will suffice, till America Felix is admitted to be the chosen home of every grace and every muse. "Did Mr. Bull meet with any of *our* literary characters at Boston?" Mr. Bull had that happiness. "Well, he was very much pleased of course?" Bull hastens to lay his hand upon his heart, and to reply that he *was* pleased. "Yes, Sir, we do expect that our Boston literature is about first-rate. We are a young people, Sir, but we are a great people, and we are bound to be greater still. There is a moral power, Sir, an elevation about the New England mind, which Europeans can scarcely realize. Did you hear Snooks lecture, Sir? the Rev. Amos Snooks, of Pisgah? Well, Sir, you ought to have heard Snooks. All Europeans calculate to hear Snooks—he's a fine man, Sir, a man of power—one of the greatest men, Sir, in this, or perhaps any other country."

"Semper ego auditor tantum, nunquam ne reponam,
Vexatus toties."

You leave Boston somewhat snubbed and subdued, and betake yourself to the more cosmopolitan regions of New-York. Here, too, "men of power," are to be found in great numbers—but "our first circles" divide the attention and abuse the patience of the traveller. Boston writes the books, but New-York sets the fashions of the Republic, and is the Elysium of mantua-makers and upholders. We doubt whether any city in the world of its size, can boast so many smart drawing-rooms, and so many pretty young women. Indeed, from the age of fifteen to that of five-and-twenty, female beauty is the rule rather than the exception in the United States, and neither cost nor pains are spared to set it forth to the best advantage. The American women dress well, dance well, and in all that relates to what may be called the mechanical part of social intercourse, they appear to great advantage. Nothing can exceed the self-possession of these pretty creatures, whose confidence is never checked by the discipline of society, or the restraints of an education which is terminated almost as soon as it begun. There is no childhood in America—no youth—no freshness. We look in vain for the

"Ingenui vultus puer, ingenuique pudoris."

or,

"The modest maid deck'd with a blush of honour,
Whose feet do tread green paths of youth and love."
DANIEL.

There is scarcely a step from the school to the forum—from the nursery to the world. Young girls, who in England would be all blushes and bread and butter, boldly precede their mammas into the ball-room; and the code of a mistaken gallantry supplies no corrective to their caprice, for youth and beauty are here invested with regal prerogatives, and can do no wrong. In short, the Americans carry their complaisance to the sex beyond due bounds—at least in little things—for we by no means think that the real influence of their women is great, notwithstanding the tame and submissive gallantry with which the latter are treated in public. We doubt whether the most limited gynocracy would tolerate the use of tobacco as an article of daily diet, or permit ferocious murders to go unwhipped of justice under the name of duels. But the absorbing character of the pursuits of the men forbids any strong sympathy betwixt the sexes; and perhaps the despotism which the women exercise in the drawing-room, arises from the fact that all that relates to the graces and embellishments of life is left entirely to them. We do not know that this can be avoided under the circumstances of the country, but it has a most injurious effect upon social intercourse. The Americans of both sexes want tact and graciousness of manner, and that prompt and spontaneous courtesy, which is the child of discipline and self-restraint. They are seldom absolutely awkward, because they are never bashful; they have no *mauvaise honte*, because they are all on an equality; hence they never fail to display a certain dry composure of bearing, which, though not agreeable, is less ludicrous than the *gaucherie* so commonly observed in all classes of English society, except the very highest.

It is curious to observe how the manners of two nations of the same origin, and, in a great degree, of similar instincts, are modified by their political institutions. Neither the British nor the Americans are distinguished for that natural politeness and *savoir vivre*, which is to be found more or less in all other civilized countries. They are both too grave, too busy, and too ambitious, to lay themselves out for trifles, which, after all, go far to make up the sum of human happiness. As for the Americans, the general aspect of their society is dreary and monotonous in the extreme. Whatever "our first circles" may say to the contrary, there is a great equality of manners, as of other things, amongst them; but if the standard is nowhere very high, it never falls so low as with us; if there is less refinement and cultivation amongst the higher classes, (we beg Demus's pardon for the expression,) there is on the other hand, less grossness, certainly less clownishness, among the mass. Of course there are many individuals in this, as in other countries, remarkable for natural grace and genteel bearing; but the class which is pre-eminent in these respects, is very small and ill-defined. The great national defect is a want of sprightliness and vivacity, and an impartial *insuciance* in their intercourse with all classes and conditions of men. For if inequality has its evils, it has also its charms, as the prospect of swelling mountains and lowly vales is more pleasing to the eye than that of the monotonous, though more fertile champaign. Now, as the relation of patrician and plebeian, of patron and client, of master and servant, of superior and inferior, can scarcely be said to exist in the United States, so all the nice gradations of manner which are elicited by those relations, are wanting also. The social machine rubs on with as little oil as possible—there is but small room for the exercise of the amenities and charities of life. The favours of the great are seldom rewarded by the obsequiousness of the small. No leisure and privileged class exists to set an example of refined and courtly bearing; but there are none, however humble, who may not affect the manners of their betters without impertinence, and aspire to the average standard of the Republic. Hence, almost every native American citizen is capable of conducting himself with propriety, if not with ease, in general society. What are fine ladies and gentlemen to him, that he should stand in awe of them? Simple persons who have been smarter or earlier in the field of fortune than himself, who will "burst up" some fine morning, and leave the road open to others. The principle of rotation* is not confined to the political world of the United States, but obtains in every department of life. It is throughout the same song—

"Here we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, down."

Law and opinion, and circumstances of the country, are alike opposed to the accumulation of property, so that it is rare for two successive generations of the same family to occupy the same social position. The ease with which fortunes are made, or repaired, is only equalled by the recklessness with which they are lost. Prosperity, at some time or other, appears to be the birthright of every citizen; and, where all are *parvenus* alike, there are none to assume the airs of exclusiveness, or to crush the last comer beneath the weight of traditional and time-honoured grandeur.

It is not easy to dismiss the peculiarities of our British society in a single paragraph. Bull, however, to be appreciated, must be seen in the midst of his own household gods, with his family and bosom friends about him. This is what may be called the normal state of that fine fellow—and here Jonathan can't hold a candle to him. American interiors want relief and variety of colouring. Their children are not like the children of the Old World; they don't romp, or prattle, or get into mischief, or believe in Bogie. They seem to take brevet rank, from the first, as men and women, and are quite inaccessible to nursery humbug of any kind. They are never whipped, and eat as much pastry as they think proper; whereby they grow up dyspeptic and rational beyond their years. Parents don't appear to exercise any particular functions, masters (we again beg Demus's pardon for the poverty of the vernacular) have nothing magisterial about them, and servants won't stomach even the name, at least if they wear white skins, and know it. After the first burst of admiration at the philosophy of the thing, it grows tiresome to live amongst people who are all so much alike. Now in England the distinctions of age, and rank, and sex, are much more strongly marked; while in those countries of Europe which are still less under the influence of the equalizing spirit of the age, the social landscape is still more variegated and picturesque. With us, two adverse principles are at work; and this is the reason why our British society is so anamolous to ourselves, and so entirely beyond the comprehension of foreigners. Whenever our brave Bull is thrown into a mixed company abroad, or even at home, where the social position of those with whom he is brought into contact is unknown to him, there is no end to the blundering and nonsense of the worthy fellow. Go where he will, he is haunted by the traditions of his eccentric island, and desperately afraid of placing himself in what he calls a false position. At home, he has one manner for his nobleman, another for his tradesman, another for his valet; and he would rather die than fail in the orthodox intonation appropriate to each. Who has not observed the strange mixture of petulance and *mauvaise honte* which distinguish so many of our English travellers on the Continent? Decidedly, we appear to less advantage in public than any people in the world. Place a Briton and an American, of average parts and breeding, on board a Rhine steamboat, and it is almost certain that the Yankee will mix up, so to speak, the better of the two. The gregarious habits of our continental neighbours are more familiar to him than to his insular kinsman, and he is not tormented like the latter by the perpetual fear of failing, either in what is due to himself or to others. His manners will probably want polish and dignity; he will be easy rather than graceful, communicative rather than affable; but he will at least preserve his Republican composure, alike in his intercourse with common humanity, or in the atmosphere of more courtly and exclusive circles.

The art of pleasing is nowhere well understood in the United States; but the beauty of the women, though transient, is unrivalled while it lasts, and perhaps in no country is the standard of female virtue so high. The formal and exaggerated attention which the sex receives from all classes in public, is at least a proof of the high estimation in which it is held, and must, we think, be put down as an amiable trait in the American character.

We are quite sure, for instance, that females may travel unattended in the United States with far more ease and security than in any country of the Old World; and the deference paid to them is quite irrespective of the rank of the fair objects—it is a tribute paid to the *woman* and not to the *lady*. Some travellers we believe have denied this. We can only say, that during a pretty extensive tour we do not recollect a single instance in which even the unreasonable wishes of women were not complied with as of course. We *did* remark with less satisfaction the ungracious manner in which civilities were received by those spoilt children of the Republic—the absence of apologetic phrases, and those courtesies of voice and expression, with which women usually acknowledge the deference paid to their weakness and their charms. But this is a national failing. The Americans are too independent to confess a sense of obligation even in the little conventional matters of daily intercourse. They have almost banished from the language such phrases as, "Thank you," "If you please," "I beg your pardon," and the like. The French, who are not half so attentive to women as the Americans, pass for the politest nation in Europe, because they know how to veil their selfishness beneath a profusion of bows and pretty speeches. Now, when your Yankee is invited to surrender his snug seat in a stage or a railroad carriage in favour of a fair voyager, he does not hesitate for a moment. He expectorates, and retires at once. But no civilities are interchanged; no smiles or bows pass betwixt the parties. The gentleman expresses no satisfaction—the lady murmurs no apologies.

Even now we see in our mind's eye the pert, pretty little faces, and the loves of bonnets which flirt and flutter along Broadway in the bright sunshine—*Longum Vale!* In the flesh we shall see them no more. No more oysters at Downing's, no more terrapins at Florence's, no more fugacious banquets at the Astor House. We have traduced the State, and for us there is no return. The commercial house which we represent, has offered to renew its confidence, but it has failed to restore ours. No amount of commission whatever will tempt us to affront the awful majesty of Lynch, or to expose ourselves to the tar-and-feathery tortures which he prepares for those who blaspheme the Republic. We have ordered our buggy for the Home Circuit, and propose, by a course of deliberate mastication, and unlimited freedom of speech, to repair the damages which our digestion, and we fear our temper, has sustained during our travels in "the area of freedom."

* The principle of rotation in office is a favourite crochet of the Democratic party, and is founded upon the Republican jealousy of power. General Jackson went so far as to recommend that all official appointments whatever should be limited by law to the Presidential term of four years. As it is, whenever a change of parties occurs, a clean sweep is made of all the officers of Government, from the highest to the lowest. Custom-house officers, jailors, &c. all share the fate of their betters. It is only surprising that the business of the country is carried on as well as it is, under the influence of this corrupting system.

Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

BINDING OF SATAN.—During the past two or three weeks a number of persons have been going round the streets on the Surry side of the water—wearing belts like those worn by the fire brigade, on which passages from the Scripture are painted, carrying with them an ink-horn, and long sheets of paper—soliciting signatures to what they pretend to be a petition to Heaven, for the binding of Satan, the Prince of darkness. So eager are those parties to get the paper signed, that men, women, and children, are stopped indiscriminately, and requested to sign. Those who are too young to sign, or unable to write their names, have the same done for them by the men, who do not attempt to disguise the fact of belonging to the followers of Joanna Southcote. Upon several occasions a deal of confusion has been created by the parties, for they generally manage to go about with knots of forty or fifty persons, and occasionally discussions ensue which are calculated to bring the Scriptures into perfect ridicule. One person, more intelligent than the men who are hawking the petitions about, inquired who it is that will present the petition, when the man replied, with the greatest coolness, that as soon as a sufficient number of names are attached to the petition, it will be presented to the Throne of Mercy by Joanna herself. Surely it is high time that such exhibitions were put down by the police.—*Standard.*

DEPARTURE OF MR. O'CONNELL FROM HASTINGS.—On Saturday, Mr. Daniel O'Connell, accompanied by his medical attendant, priest, and servants, made his departure from the Marine Hotel, Hastings, where he has been staying for the past fortnight for the benefit of his health. A number of persons assembled to witness his leave; but during the time he has resided at this salubrious and quiet sea-bathing place he has lived remarkably retired, having appeared on the parade but once since he took up his quarters at the above hotel, and then only for a short time. His state of health is evidently very critical, and this he seems well aware of, as he does not hesitate to express it when inquired of as to how he is. His usual reply is, "They tell me I am better, but I know best; I am very weak indeed."—His appearance is much altered, and altogether he appears to be in a state of extreme debility, and his constitution much shattered. His step is feeble, and it is with much difficulty that he can walk across the room. His appetite, it is said, has been considerably better since he came to Hastings, but it is extremely problematical indeed if he will ever again be enabled to speak in public, judging from present appearances. His destination from Hastings, it is generally understood, is on to the Continent.

MARVELLOUS INCONSISTENCY.—There is a lamentable desecration of the Lord's-day still maintained in Edinburgh, by the very leaders in the crusade against railway trains being run on that day. On Sunday, February 28th, during the ringing of the forenoon bells, and, in the course of ten minutes, seventeen carriages of different descriptions, discharged their contents at the doors of Free St. George's; and in the same space of time, and in the same neighbourhood, fourteen drew up at the door of Mr. Drummond's Chapel. Some of Doctor Candlish's flock alighted at Rutland street, and performed the rest of the journey on foot, probably to convince the public that neither they, their men-servants, nor their cattle, had done any work on that day. Those who take credit to themselves for sincerity, would require to look to this state of things, and either remedy the evil, or withhold their polluted hands from signing petitions against the desecration of the Sabbath.

"How came you to be clapped into Bedlam?" "I and the world happened to have a slight difference of opinion; the world said I was mad, and I said the world was mad; I was *out-voted*, and here I am."—*Brothers, the Maniac.*

A deaf and dumb child was asked if she knew why she was born thus? Tears rapidly filled the eyes of the afflicted child; but in a moment or two she dashed them away, and with a sweet smile playing upon her thoughtful countenance, wrote on her slate—"Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight."

Once upon a time, a subordinate functionary was complaining to a high authority of the *lowness* of his desk, little doubting that the necessary alteration would be granted to his wishes; when his dream of comfort was suddenly broken by the reply, "O, yes! we must get a *shorter* clerk." There were *two* ways of adjusting the regulations of the clerk and desk—the complainer had thought there was only *one*.

A TRANSATLANTIC WAG.—"Do you suppose there is any doubt about my baggage going to Canaan?" inquired an old lady of the famous wag, R——, while he was "seeing some friend off," at the Albany station a few days since.

"My dear woman," answered R. soberly, "it will depend entirely upon the moral instruction it has received. Was it brought up orthodox?"

"No," answered the uncomprehending woman "it was brought up on a hand-cart."

"Doubtful case, ma'am, very.—*Am. paper.*

GREAT RESULTS FROM SMALL BEGINNINGS.—The possibility of a great change being introduced by very trifling and slight beginnings, may be illustrated by the tale which Lockman tells of a Vizier, who, having offended his master, was condemned to perpetual captivity in a lofty tower. At night his wife came to weep before his window. "Cease your grief," said the savage, "go home for the present, and return hither when you have procured a live black beetle, together with a little ghee, or buffalo's butter, three clews, one of the finest silk, another of stout pack-thread, and another of whip-cord, finally a stout coil of rope. When she again came to the foot of the tower, provided according to her husband's commands, he directed her to touch the head of the insect with a little ghee, to tie one end of the silk thread around him, and to place the reptile on the wall of the tower. Seduced by the smell of the butter, which he conceived to be in store somewhere above him, the beetle continued to ascend till he reached the top, and thus put the Vizier in possession of the end of the silk thread, by which he drew up the pack-thread, and by means of the cord, a stout rope capable of sustaining his own weight, and so at last escaped from the place of duresse.—*Quarterly Review.*

THE POTATO DISEASE.—Mr. Alfred Smee, the surgeon to the Bank of England, had an interview with the Earl of Clarenden, at the office of the Board of Trade last week, and exhibited specimens of the "*Aphis Vastator*," the cause of the potato disease, with the effects of the insect on the potato and various other plants.

LIVES OF THE CHANCELLORS.—NO COURTIER.—On the occasion of a public procession, the Prince, who had taken offence at something Thurlow had said or done, rudely stepped in before the Chancellor.—Th